





The Delightful, princely,
HISTORY
OF THE
GENTLE-CRAFT.

Containing many
MATTERS of DELIGHT,
Very pleasant to read.

S H E W I N G

What Famous Men have been SHOEMAKERS
in old Time, with their Worthy Deeds and
Generous Humours.

Also demonstrating why it was called the
GENTLE-CRAFT;

And how the Proverb first came,
A SHOEMAKER'S SON is a PRINCE Born.

To which is added,

(What is not in any Book of the like Nature)

The MERRY PRANKS of the GREEN KING
of *St. Martin's*, a SHOEMAKER so called.

Concluding with

The SHOEMAKERS GLORY;
Being a Merry Song in the Praise of SHOEMAKERS.
To be sung by them every Year on the 25th of
October, being **CRISPIN.**

Adorned with Pictures suitable to each Story.

L O N D O N:

Printed for HENRY WOODGATE and SAMUEL BROTHERS, at
the *Golden-Ball*, in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1752.

AN ABSTRACT of the following
TREATISE.

ST. Hugh was Son to the renowned King of Powis, a noble Briton born, who in the Prime of his Years loved the fair Virgin Winifred, who was the only Daughter of Donvallo, which was the last King that reigned in Tegara, which is now called Flintshire; but she refusing all Offers of Love, was only pleased with a Religious Life: Her Father was sent to Rome, and died, whose Lady left her Life long before.

This Virgin, therefore, forsook her Father's Princely Palace in Pant Varre, and made her whole abiding in the most sweet and pleasant Valley of Sichnaunt, and lived there solitarily, and careless of all Company or Comfort.

It chanced, that in the Summer's Heat, this fair Virgin being distressed for Want of Drink, and not knowing where to get any, there sprung up suddenly a Chrystal Stream of the most pleasant Water out of the hard Ground, whereof this Virgin did daily drink, unto which God himself

An Abstract of the following Treatise.

himself gave so great a Virtue, that many People having been washed therein, were healed of divers and sundry Infirmities, wherewith they were born.

Moreover, round about this Well, where this Virgin did use to walk, did grow a Kind of Moss, which is of a most sweet Saviour, and the Colour thereof is as fresh in Winter as in Summer; so that lying thereon, you would suppose yourself to be on a Bed of Down, perfumed with most precious Odours.

And what of all this? Marry, read this Book, and you shall know; but read Nothing except you read All: And why so? Because the Beginning shews not the Middle, and the Middle shews not the Latter End.

And so Adieu.

TO ALL THE

GOOD YEOMEN

OF THE

GENTLE-CRAFT.

YOU that the Gentle Craft profess,
List to my Words both more or less,
And I shall tell you many Things,
Of worthy and renowned Kings;
And divers Lords and Knights also,
That were Shoemakers long ago;
Some of them, in their Distress,
Delighted in their Business;
And some, for whom great Wait was laid,
Did save their Lives by this same Trade;
And other some, in Sports and Game,
Delighted much to learn the same;
No other Trade in all the Land,
They thought so fit unto their Hand;
For evermore they still did find,
Shoemakers bore a gallant Mind;
Men they were of high Conceit,
The which wrought many a merry Feat;
Stout of Courage were they still,
And in their Weapons had great Skill;

Travellers

To the Good Yeomen of the Gentle Craft.

Travellers by Sea and Land;
Each Country's Way to understand;
Wrong they wrought not any Man,
With Reason all Things did they scan;
Good Houses kept they evermore,
Relieving both the Sick and Poor;
In Law no Money would they spend,
Their Quarrels friendly would they end;
No Malice did they bear to any,
But shewed great Favour unto many;
Offences they would soon forgive,
They would not in Contention live.
Thus in Joy they spent their Days,
With pleasant Songs and Roundelays,
And God did bless them with Content,
Sufficient for them always sent,
And never yet did any know,
A Shoemaker a Begging go;
Kind they are to one another,
Using each Stranger as his Brother:
Thus lived Shoemakers of old,
As ancient Writers have it told;
And thus Shoemakers still would be,
So Fame from them shall never see.

THE
Old SHOEMAKER'S ADVICE
TO HIS
S O N;

Bring the DOWNFALL of
A L E - W I V E S.

YOUNG Man, that now art in thy Prime,
beware of Drunkenness,
Thy Father hath mispent his Time,
in that same foul Excess;
Which made me for to write to thee,
the Ale-house to refrain,
Because it hath quite ruin'd me,
spending my Time in vain.

A Walnut is a pleasant Fruit,
and hath a bitter Skin,
If with the Ale-Wife thou dispute,
she'll make thy Purse but thin;
Thy Money must maintain her Pride,
and buy her Cob-web Lawn,
Whilst you for Beer and Ale beside
dost send thy Cloaths to pawn.

Good Council she will seem to give,
but if you stay away,
This Woman knows not how to live,
her Trade will soon decay;
Thou work'st for her both Day and Night,
and all to pay the Score;
She loves to see thee in her Sight,
and all too keep thee Poor.

The Shoemaker's Advice to his Son

She'll make a very Rogue of thee,
if thou by her be rul'd,
Hadst thou not better to go free,
than be by her thus fool'd?
When thou ga'st Home to wig to wag,
praising thy own good Carriage,
Thy Cloaths no better than a Rag,
O this will spoil thy Marriage.

She evermore will thee persuade
never to take a Wife;
For why? She thinks, 'twill spoil her Trade,
and be the Cause of Strife;
If thou be ne'er so much in Haste,
she'll cause thee for to stay;
The Cupboard then must be uncas'd,
Tush, what, will you away?

She'll bring a Piece of powder'd Beef,
or a *Virginia* Trout;
O she's a very loving Thief,
she'll find thy Money out;
Her Lattice shews, as thou may'st see,
she sells both Ale and Beer,
But, O beware, be rul'd by me,
buy not her Ware so dear.

For she will hold some Folks in Talk,
both *Jeffery*, *James* and *John*,
Then with a double-forked Chalk
she'll score two Pots for one:
I'll tell you of a Story good,
(ye Drunkards mend your Lives)
If it be rightly understood,
you'd never love Ale-Wives.

Two Drunkards loved each other well,
and both lived in one House,
(The Thing is true which I shall tell)
the best not worth a Louse;
One of them dy'd, and left his Cloak
and Suit unto the other,
They spent their Coin in Drink and Smoak,
and ruined each other.

But mark the Ale-Wife's Cruelty,
she claim'd all for her own,
Because the Man that then did die,
was in her Debt 'twas known:
Then have a Care, my honest Lad,
if you die ne'er so poor,
If any Thing be to be had,
'tis that must pay thy Score.

O then live but a civil Life,
and 'scape this Dragon fell,
Thou mayst prevent much drunken Strife,
and then thou shalt do well.
Crispine and *Crispianus* stout,
were proper Men and tall;
But if you beat this Dragon out,
thou dost more than them all.

For he that can himself subdue,
and bridle his own Will,
O, he doth more than if he slew,
and did ten Dragons kill.
Gentlemen of the Gentle Craft,
I wish so well to all,
Altho' you drink your Morning's Draught,
let none procure your Fall.

The Delightful, Princely, and Entertaining
HISTORY
 OF THE
GENTLE-CRAFT.



*The Pleasant, Entertaining, and Princely History of
 St. Hugh, with a particular Account of his constant
 Love to the handsome Virgin Winifred.*

VICTORIOUS and most Imperious Love
 having seized on the Heart of young Sir
 Hugh, all his Wits were set on work how to
 compass the Love of the fair Virgin *Winifred*,
 whose Disdain was the chief Cause of
 his Care, having endured many Sorrows for her Sake.
 But as a Stream of Water being stopt overfloweth the
 Bank; so concealed Love doth burst out into a great
 Flame of Fire; which made the Mal-contented Lover
 seek some Means to appease the Strife of his contentious
 Thoughts;

Thoughts; whereupon he began to encourage himself, saying, why should I let a few Words of a Woman dismay me, for they love to be entreated, and delight to be wooed, tho' they would make the World believe otherwise, for their Denials proceed more of Niceness than Niggardliness, refusing that they most desire. What if sometimes my dear *Winifred* frown on me, yet her Pavour may exceed her Forwardness. The Sun is sometimes overcast with Clouds, so that its brightness is not seen. In wars, the Sorer the Fight is, the greater is the glory of the Victory; and the harder a Woman is to be won, the sweeter is her Love when it is obtained: Wherefore once again I'll try my Fortune, and see what Success I shall meet with. On this Resolution Sir *Hugh* returned to *Winifred*, kindly saluting her in the following Manner.

Now fair Lady, after having slept away the Remembrance of your sharp Answers, I come again in a new Conceit to renew an old Suit, and to see if the change of the Day has changed your cruel Disposition. Truly, Sir *Hugh*, (quoth she) if with the Change of the Day you have changed your Opinion, your Trouble will be driven away well enough: But as to your Suit, it shall be needless to repeat it, because I am not willing to prefer it. Stay there (quoth Sir *Hugh*) I will prefer it; if you will but accept it. Now (quoth she) I will accept of it if you will prefer it, in sending it back to the Place from whence it did proceed, and I would to God I could send you away as soon. Why then belike I am not welcome? Said Sir *Hugh*; yes (quoth she) as welcome to me as a Storm to a distressed Mariner; I admit greatly that Reason will not rule you, nor Words dissuade you. If you were as weary to woo as I am weary to hear you, I am persuaded that long since, you would have ceased your Suit; you think by these Persuasions to turn my Opinion, but as well you may think that you may quench the Fire with Oil;

Oil; therefore pray Sir *Hugh*, be not so tedious with me, nor troublesome to yourself.

Come, come (quoth he) all this will not serve your turn: Consider with thyself *Winifred* that thou art fair, O that thou were as favourable; thy beauty hath bound me to be thy Servant, and I shall never cease 'till I see another obtain thee, or myself be possessed of my Heart's Content: Thou art a King's Daughter and I a Prince's Son. Stain not the Glory of true Nobility with the foul Sin of Obstinacy, but be thou as kind as thou art courtly, and gentle as thou art Noble, and then shall our Strife soon end.

Winifred perceiving that the farther off she was to grant Love, the more eager he was to desire it, blushed him off thus: Sir, although your overhastiness drive me into the greatest doubtfulness, yet let me intreat you, if you love me, to give me one Month's Respite to consider on this Matter, and it may be (that upon my better Deliberation) it shall be pleasing unto, and not at all discontenting to me.

Fair Love, (quoth he) far be it from my Heart to deny so kind a Request, I am content to stay a Month from thy Sight, were it two or three, upon condition that thou would then grant me thy good will: Three Months, although it be very long, yet it will come at last, and I could be content for that Time to be dead for thy sake; insomuch, that my Life might be renewed by thy Love.

Nay (quoth *Winifred*) stay three Months and stay for ever; by this a Maid may see how ready Men are upon light occasions to take long Days, whose Loves are like a Fern-bush, soon set on fire, and as soon consumed; faith Sir *Hugh* I mean to try before I trust you.

Pardon me fair *Winifred*, said Sir *Hugh*, if my Tongue doth out-strip my Wit, in Truth I speak but to please thee, tho' to displease myself; But I pray thee, let it not be three Hours, or three Quarters of an Hour if thou wilt.

The Delightful and Princely History

Nay, nay (quoth she) your first Word shall stand, after three Months come again, and then you shall know my mind to the full, and so good Sir *Hugh* be gone; but if I do ever hear from thee, or see thee betwixt this Time and the Time prefixt, I will for ever after blot thy Name out of my Book of Remembrance, and never yield thee that Favour thou at this Time so earnestly desireth.

Sir *Hugh* upon these Words departed betwixt hope and dread, much like a Man committing a Trespass, that stays for the Sentence of Life or Death.

O unhappy Man (quoth he) how hath my over-slippery Tongue lengthened the Time of my Sorrow? She of herself most courteously requested of me but one Month's Stay, and I most willingly and indiscreetly added thereto eight Weeks more of Misery; much like the Man, that having a Knife given him to pare his Nails, did therewith murder himself. Now I could wish that the Sun had Eagles Wings, swiftly to fly through the fair Firmament, and finish six Days in one Days Time. With that he began to count the Days and Hours that were in three Months, failing (in a Manner) to despair with himself, when he found them so many in Number; and therewithal being melancholy and sad he went to his Father's House, where his Brother *Griffith* found by his Countenance, the perfect Map of a pensive Lover; whereupon he said unto him.

Why, how now Brother? Hath fair *Winifred's* Beauty so greatly wounded you, as you cannot speak a merry Word to your Friend, but sit in a Corner as if you were Tongueless, like a Stock? Tush, Brother, Women are like Shadows, for the more a Man follows them, the faster they run away; but let a Man turn his Course, and then they will presently follow him. What Man, pluck up a good Heart, for there are more Women now than lived in the Time of old Father *Adam*.

Oh (said Sir *Hugh*) were there ten thousand Times more than there are now, what were that to me if *Winifred* be unkind; yet is she the only Oil that still maintains the Lamp of my Light; and without her there is nothing comfortable to my Sight.

Then (replied *Griffith*) you are as much troubled in Love, as a Goat in an Ague, and as blind as a Fly in *October*, that will stand still while a Man cuts off his Head; come, go a Hunting with me, that will drive away your over-sond Conceits, and you shall see these three Months will come upon you as a Quarter Day upon a poor Man that hath never a Penny ready towards the Payment of his Rent.

C H A P. II.

How beautiful Winifred, being over much superstitious, forsook her Father's Wealth, and lived poorly by a springing Fountain, from whence no Man could get her to go which Spring to this Day is called Winifred's Well.



WINIFRED, who had of late Years with her

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superstitious, that she thought the Wealth of the World for ever would have been a Burthen on her Soul, and have drawn her Mind from the Love of her Master: wherefore, forsaking all manner of earthly Pomp, she lived a long Time very poorly, hard by the Side of a most pleasant springing Well; from which Place neither her Friends by Entreaty, nor her Foes by Violence could bring her: Which Sir *Hugh* hearing, he went thither immediately after, unto her, which was the Time limited by them both, and finding her Mind altogether altered, he wondered not a little what she meant. And approaching the Place where she sat, clothed in simple Attire, he saluted her in these Words.

All Health to fair *Winifred*; I trust my dear that now the Destinies have yielded a convenient Opportunity for me, to finish my long begun Suit with the End of my former Sorrows: Long and tedious hath the Winter of my Woes been, which with nipping Care hath blasted the Beauty of my youthful Delight, which is like never again to flourish, except the bright Sunshine of thy Favour do renew the same: Therefore, fair Love, remember thy Promise made unto me, and put me no more off with pleasing Delays.

She (who all this while sat devoutly reading her Book) lent little Ear unto his Words; which he perceiving, plucked her by the Arm, saying: Wherefore answereth not my fair Love, to her dearest perplexed request?

What would you have, (quoth she) can I never be at quiet for you? Is there no Corner of Content in this World to be found?

Yes *Winifred*, (said he) content dwells here or no where; content me, and I will content thee, if my content may be thy content. Then read this Book, and therein thou shalt find content, said *Winifred*: And if thou refusest this, then seek not to find content on Earth.

Sir *Hugh* replied: What, is this all the Reward I shall have for obeying your Heart-cutting Commands?

Have

Have I thus long hoped, and find no better Hap? You know well that it is now three long Months since these Eyes took Pleasure in thy Beauty; and since that Time my bleeding Heart received Joy in thy Gentleness.

I have forgotten you quite, (says she) what three Months is that you speak of? For my Part I assure you, that it is as far out of my Mind, as you are from the Mount of Calvary.

Fair *Winifred* (said he) have you forgotten me, and therewithal my Love, which I so effectually grounded upon your good Liking? You told me, that now I should receive an answer to my content.

O Sir, (quoth she) you have stayed over-long, and your Words are in my Hearing as unprofitable as Snow in Harvest: My Love is fled to Heaven, from whence no Earthly Man can fetch it; and therefore build not on vain Hope, nor do thou deceive thyself by following any unprofitable Suit; if ever I love earthly Man, it shall be thee, insomuch, as thou hast deserved an earthly Ladies Love; but my Love is settled for ever, both in this World and in the World to come, and this I most earnestly entreat thee to take for a final Answer.

With that Sir *Hugh* turning his Head aside, wept most bitterly, and in going away he glanced his Eye back again after his Love, saying to himself: O unconstant Women, wavering and uncertain, how many Sorrows are fond Men drawn into by your wily Enticements? Who are also swallowed up in the gaping Gulf of Care, while they listen after the Heart-liking Sound of your enchanting Voices. O *Winifred*, full little did I think that so hard a Heart could have been shrouded under so sweet and loving a Countenance; but seeing that my good will is thus requited, I will altogether abhor the Sight of Women, and I will seek the World throughout, but I will find some blessed Plot, where no such unkind ones are.

Hereupon, in a hot hasty Humour, he made Preparations to go beyond the Seas, suiting himself after the

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Nature of a melancholy Man, and arriving in *France*, he took his Journey towards *Paris*, which City (at that Time) was well replenished with many goodly fair Women, as well as *Britain*, tho' to his thinking, nothing so lovely; but nevertheless, what they wanted in Beauty they had in Bravery, which when Sir *Hugh* saw, he suddenly departed from that Place, counting it the most pernicious Place in the whole Country: And from thence he went into *Italy*, where he found such stately Dames and lovely Ladies, whom nature had adorned with all Perfections of outward Beauty; whose Sight put him again in Remembrance of his fair Love, which like fresh Fewel, newly augmented Flames of his burning Desire: O (said he) how unhappy am I to be haunted by these Heart tormenting Fiends, bewitching the Eyes of simple Men with Angel-like Faces, and like enchanted *Circes*, bring them to a Labyrinth of continual Woes.

O *Winifred*, thy Peevishness hath bred my Grief, and done thyself no good at all: Thou sittest weeping by a Crystal Stream, where is no need of Water, while I wander up and down, seeking to forget thee; thou never remembrest me, having drawn the Fountain of my Eyes dry, through thy discourteous disdain. Might I never see any of thy Sex, my Heart would be more at quiet: But every Place where I come, puts me in mind of thy Perfections, and therewithal renews my Pain: But I will from hence as soon as possible I can, (tho' not so soon as I would) for fear these sweet Serpents should sting me with delight.

Hereupon he passed on so far, that at length he came to a City situated in the Sea, and compassed with the wide Ocean: Here (quoth Sir *Hugh*) is a fit Place for melancholy Men, where it is supposed that no Women do live, insomuch, that their delicate Bodies cannot endure the Salt Savour of the mounting Waves; if it be so, there will I make my Residence, counting it the most blessed Place under Heaven: But he was no

sooner set on the Land, but he beheld whole Troops of lovely Ladies passing up and down in the most sumptuous Attire, framing their Gestures answerable to their comely Beauties.

Nay, now I see (quoth Sir Hugh) that the World is infected with these deceiving Syrens, and therefore in vain it is for me to seek for that I shall never find; and therewithal sought for some House where he might hide himself from them. But by that Time he was at supper, comes a Crew of Court-like Dames, richly attired, and with wanton Eyes and pleasant Speech, they boldly sat down by him; and perceiving him to be a Stranger, they were not strange to allure him to their Delight: Wherefore while he sate at Meat they yielded him such Mirth as their best Skill could afford, and stretched their nimble Fingers, playing on their Sweet-sounding Instruments, they sung this following Song, with such clear and quavering Voices, as had been sufficient to allure Chast-hearted Xenocrates unto Folly; and still as they did sing, Sir Hugh answered in the last Line, inso much as it seemed to be a Dialogue between them: And in this Manner following, the Women began their Song.

The COURTESANS SONG of VENICE.

Ladies. **W**elcome to Venice, gentle courteous Knight,

Cast off all Care and entertain Content,
If any here be gracious in thy Sight,

Do but Request, and she shall soon Consent.
Love's Wings are swift, then be not thou so slow.

Hugh. Oh that fair Winifred would once say so.

Ladies. Within my Lap lay down thy comely Head;
And let me stroak those golden Locks of thine,
Look on the Tears that for thy sake I shed,
And be thou Lord of any Thing that's mine:

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One gentle Look upon thy Love bestow

Hugh. Oh that fair *Winifred* would once say so,

Ladies. Embrace thy Joy, thy Lady in thy Arms,

And with all Pleasures pass to thy Delight :

If thou dost think the Light will work our Harms,

Come, come to Bed, and welcome all the Night ;

There shalt thou find what Lovers ought to know.

Hugh. Oh that fair *Winifred* would once say so.

Ladies. Give me those Pearls as Pledges of thy Love,

And with those Pearls the Favour of thy Heart,

Do not from me thy Sugar'd Breath remove,

That double Comfort gives to every Part,

Nay, stay Sir Knight, from hence thou shalt not go.

Hugh. Oh that fair *Winifred* would once say so.

When Sir *Hugh* had heard this Song, and therewithal noted their wanton Gestures, he began to be suspicious of their Proffers, and thinking in himself that either they sought his Destruction, as the *Syrènes* did *Ulysses* ; or that they intended to make a Prey of his Purse, as *Lais* did of her Lovers ; therefore supposing some Adder to lye lurking under the fair Flower of their proffered Pleasures, he determined the next Morning after (with speed) to depart from the City. So when he had with good discretion avoided their Company, while he lay tormented with restless Thoughts on his still tossed Bed, began thus to meditate.

Now, well I see my own Vanity, that is as well pleased with Womens Favours as their Frowns : How often have I with Heart-sighing Sorrow, complained of Womens Unkindness ; making large Invectives against their Discourtesies : And yet here, where I find Women as kind as they are Fair, and as courteous as they are comely, I run into a World of Doubts, and I am so suspicious of their Proffers, as I was earnest to win *Winifred's* Favour. It may be (quoth he) that it is
the

the Nature of this gentle Soil to breed as kind Creatures, as the Country of *Britain* breeds coy Dames.

Undoubtedly, had my Love first taken Life in this kind and courteous Climate, she would have been as kind as they, if I mis-judge not of their Gentleness, because I have always been turned to scornfulness: Methinks they are too fair to be Harlots, and too bold to be Honest; but as they have no Cause to hate me that never hurt them, so they have little Cause to love me, being a far Stranger born, to them a Man altogether unknown; but it may be, that this Time of the Year is only unfortunate for Lovers; as it is certainly known unto all Men, that every Season of the Year breeds a sundry Commodity; for Roses flourish in *June*, and Giliflowers in *August*, neither of them both doth so in the cold Winter. Such as seek for Fruit on sapless Trees in the Month of *January*, lose their Labour as well as their Longing; then why should I covet to gather Fruits of Love, when I see that Love is not yet ripe? Now let me observe the Season that yields the sweetest Comforts to Love-sick Persons, and so I may reap the joyful Fruits of Hearts Content; I will therefore return to my former Love, hoping now to find her as friendly, as at my departure she was froward: I will once again entreat her, and speak her exceeding fair, for with many drops the hardest Stone is pierced, so also with many importunate Entreaties a flinty Heart may be removed to any Remorse. I take no Pleasure at all in any Place, but only in her Presence, with which she continually graceth a running Stream: far be it from her Mind to kiss her own Shadow in the chrystal Spring, and to be in Love with her own Similitude, for so she may be spoiled as *Narcissus* was; for she is commonly seen, that sudden Dangers follow fond Opinions.

So with these and the like Thoughts he drove out the Night, till the Sun's bright Eye began to peep in at his Chamber Window, at which Time dressing himself he went to the Water Side, where he found a Ship ready to transport
rich

rich Merchandize to the Western Islands, in the which Sir *Hugh* became a Passenger. But when they were put off to Sea, there arose so sudden a Storm, and of a long Continuance, that no Man looked for Life, but expected every Moment present Death, so that the Mariners quite forsook the Tackle, and the Master of the Helm; committing themselves to God, and their Ship to the Mercy of the swelling Seas, by whose furious Waves they were sometimes tossed up towards Heaven, and then thrown down to the deep of Hell: In which Extremity Sir *Hugh* made this Lamentation.

O unhappy Man, how eagerly doth Mischance pursue me at my Heels; for betwixt my Love on the Land, and Danger of Life on the Sea, it has made me the wretchedest Man breathing on Earth.

Here we may see that Miseries have Power over Men, and not Men over Miseries: Now must I die far from my Friends, and be drenched in the Deep, where my Body must feed the Fishes that swim in the rich Bottom of the Sea: Therefore, fair *Winifred*, the chief Ground of my Grievs, here will I sacrifice my last Tears unto thee, and pour forth my Complaints.

O how happy should I count myself, if those Fishes which shall live on my Bodies Food, might be Meat for my Love: It grieveth me much to think that my poor bleeding Heart, wherein thy Picture is engraven, should be rent in Pieces in such grievous sort; but thrice accursed be that Fish that first setteth his nimble Teeth there, except he swim therewith unto my Love, and so deliver it as a Present or Token from me.

Had my troubled Stars allotted me to leave my Life in the pleasant Valley of *Sicchnant*, then no doubt my Love with her fair Hands would have closed up my dying Eyes, and perhaps would have rung a Peal of sorrowful Sighs for my Sake.

By this Time was the Weather-beaten Bark driven by the Shore of *Sicily*, where the Men had safety of their Lives, altho' with Loss of their Ship, and spoil of their

their Goods? but they no sooner had shaken off their dropping wet Garments on the Shore, but that they were assaulted by a Sort of a monstrous Men, that had but one Eye a piece, and that placed in the midst of their Foreheads: With whom the Tempest beaten Seamen had a fierce Fight, in which many of them were slain, and divers of them fled away to save themselves: So that in the End Sir *Hugh* was let alone to Fortune in a double Fray, and having at last quite overcome his Adversaries, he went his Way, and was so far entered into a dark Wilderness, that he could not devise with himself which way he should take to get out; where he was so cruelly affrighted with the dreadful Cry of fierce Lions, Bears, and wild Bulls, and so many thousands more of other dangerous and cruel ravenous Beasts, which with greedy Mouths ranged about for their Prey, in which Distress Sir *Hugh* got him up into a Tree, and being there, broke out into these Passions.

O Lord! (quoth he) hast thou preserved me from the great Peril and Danger of the Sea, and delivered me out of the Hands of cruel monstrous Men, and now sufferest thou me to be devoured by wild Beasts? Alas! that my foul Sins should bring so many Sorrows upon my Head; but for all this may I thank unkind *Winifred*, whose Disdain hath wrought my Destruction. Woe was the Time that ever I beheld her bewitching Beauty. But hereby we may see that the Path is clear that leadeth to Danger. But why blame I the blameless Lady? Alas! full little did she know of my desperate Couries in Travel; but such is the Fury that haunts frantick Lovers, who never fear Danger until it fall and light upon their own Head.

But by that Time the Day began to appear, he perceived a huge Elephant with stiff Joints walking towards him, and presently after came a fierce-tongued Dragon, which suddenly assaulted this peaceful Elephant, in whose subtle Encounter the wrathful Dragon, with his long wrinkled Tail did so shackle the hinder Feet of

the Elephant together, that like a Prisoner fast fetter'd in Irons, he could not stir a Foot for his Life: To which Time, the furious Dragon never left him till he had thrust his slender Head into the Elephant's long hook Nose, out of which he never drew it, untill by sucking the Elephant's Blood, he had made him so feeble and weak, that he could stand no longer upon his Feet; at which time the fainting Elephant with a grievous Cry, fell down dead upon the Dragon; so with the Fall of his mighty Body, burst the Dragon in Pieces, and so killed him; whereby their Bloods being mixed together, it stained all the Ground where they both lay, changing the green Grass into a rich Scarlet Colour. This strange Sight betwixt these two Beasts, caused good Sir *Hugh* to judge, that Nature had planted between them a deadly Hatred, the Fire whereof could not be quenched, but by shedding of both their Hearts Blood. Now when Sir *Hugh* saw that grim Death had ended their Quarrel, and perceiving no Danger near, he came down from the Tree, and sought to find out some inhabited Town; but, being entangled in the Woods like the *Centaur* in his Labyrinth, he could by no means get out, but wandered in unknown Passages, leading him to many Perils.

At last another Elephant met him, who (according to his kind Nature) never left him till he had conducted him out of all Danger, and brought him out of the Wilderness, into the Way again, whereby Sir *Hugh* at length came in Sight of a Port Town, where in four Days after he embarked himself in a Ship bound for *Britain*, and at last obtained the Sight of his native Country, where he arrived in Safety, tho' in a very poor Sort, coming on Shore at a Place called *Harwich*, where for Want of Money he greatly lamented and made much Moan. But meeting with a merry Journeyman Shoe-maker dwelling in that Town, after some Conference had together, they both agreed to travel in the

the Country; where we will leave them, and speak of *Winifred*, and of her great Calamities.

C H A P. III.

How fair Winifred was imprisoned and condemned to die for her Religion; and how Sir Hugh became a Shoe-maker, and afterwards came to suffer Death with his Love; shewing also how the Shoe makers Tools came to be called Sir Hugh's Bones; and the Trade of Shoe-making the Gentle Craft.

After the Doctrine of Christ was made known in Britain, and the Worthip of heathen Idols was forbidden, yet many Troubles did the Christians endure by the outrageous Blood-hirstiness of divers wouldest Tyrants that by Way of Invasion set footing in this Land, as it fell out in the Days of *Dioclesian*, that with bloody Minds persecuted such as would not yield to the Pagan Law, among which the Virgin *Winifred* was one, who, for that she continued constant in the Faith, was long imprisoned. During which Time Sir Hugh wrought in a Shoe-maker's Shop, having learned that Trade through the courteous Directions of a kind Journeyman; where he remained the Space of one whole Year, in which Time he had gotten himself good Apparel, and every Thing comely and decent. Notwithstanding, tho' he were now contented to forget his Birth, yet could he not forget the Beauty of his Love; who although he had utterly forsaken her, yet could he not alter his Affection from her, because indeed Affections alter not, like palefaced Coward. The wildest Bull (quoth he) is tamed, being tied to a Fig Tree; and the coyest Dame (a Time) may yield like Wax. Though Roses have Prickles, yet they are gathered; and tho' Women seem froward, yet they will shew themselves kind and friendly. Neither is there any Wax so hard, but by often tempering is made apt to receive impression. Admit th

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heretofore been cruel, yet now may she be courteous.
A true hearted Lover forgets all Trespases, and a Smile
cureth the Wound of a Frown. Thus, after the Man-
ner of fond Lovers, he flattered himself in his Folly;
and in Praise of his Lady, sang this pleasant Ditty fol-
lowing.

THE Pride of *Britain* is my Heart's Delight,
My Lady lives my true Love to requite;
And in her Love I live, that else were dead,
Like withered Leaves in Time of Winter shed.

She is the Joy and Comfort of my Mind,
She is the Sun that clearest Sight doth blind;
The fairest Flower that in the World doth grow,
Whose Whiteness doth surpass the driven Snow.

Her gentle Words, more sweet than Honey are,
Her Eyes for clearness dim the brightest Star:
Oh! was her Heart so kind as she is fair,
No Lady might with my true Love compare.

A Thousand Grievs for her I have sustain'd,
While her proud Thoughts my humble Suit disdain'd;
And tho' she would my Heart with Torments kill,
Yet would I honour, serve, and love her still.

Bless be the Place where she doth like to live,
Bless be the Light that doth her Comfort give;
And blessed be all Creatures far and near,
That yield Relief unto my Lady dear,

Never may Sorrow enter where she is;
Never may she contented Comfort miss;
Never may she my proffer'd Love forsake,
But my good Will in thankful Sort to take.

Thus

Thus feeding his Fancy with the sweet Remembrance of her Beauty, being never satisfied with thinking and speaking to her Praise, at length he resolv'd himself to go into *Flintshire*, where he might solicit his Suit anew again; but coming near to the Place of her Residence, and hearing the Report of her Troubles, he highly commended her Faith and Constancy, that at length he was clapt up in Prison by her, and in the End was condemn'd to receive equal Torment for a Tryal of his own Truth.

But during the Time they lay both in Prison, the Journey-men Shoe-makers never left him, but yielded him great Relief, so that he wanted nothing that was necessary for him; in Requital of which Kindness, he called them Gentlemen of the *Gentle Craft*, and a few Days before his Death he made this Song in their Commendations.

O F Craft and Crafts men more or less,
The *Gentle Craft* I must commend,
Whose Deeds declare their Faithfulness,
And hearty Love unto their Friend:
The *Gentle Craft* in midst of Strife,
Yields Comfort to a careful Life.

A Prince by Birth I am indeed,
The which for Love forsook this Land,
And when I was in extream Need,
I took the *Gentle Craft* in Hand:
And by the *Gentle Craft* alone,
Long Time I liv'd, being still unknown.

Spending my Days in sweet Content,
With many a pleasant sugar'd Song,
Sitting with Pleasure's Compliment,
Whilst we recorded Lovers Wrong:
And while the *Gentle Craft* we us'd,
True Love by us was not abus'd.

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Our Shoes we sow'd with merry Notes,
And by our Mirth expell'd all Moan,
Like Nightingales from whose sweet Throats,
Most pleasant Tunes are nightly blown :
The *Gentle Craft* is fittest then,
For poor distressed Gentlemen.

Their Minds do mount in Courtesy,
And they disdain a Niggard's Feast,
Their Bodies are for Chivalry,
All Cowardise they do detest :
For Sword and Shield for Bow and Shaft,
No Man can stain the *Gentle Craft*.

Yea sundry Princes sore distressed,
Shall see for Succour by this Trade,
Whereby their Grief shall be redrest,
Of Foes they shall not be afraid :
And many men of Fame likewise,
Shall from the *Gentle Craft* arise.

If we want Money over Night,
E'er next Day Noon God will it send,
Thus we may keep ourselves upright,
And be no Churls unto our Friend :
Thus do we live where Pleasure springs,
In our Conceit like petty Kings,

Our Hearts with Care we may not kill,
Man's Life surpasseth worldly Wealth ;
Content surpasseth Riches still,
• And sic on Knave that live by Stealth :
This Trade therefore, both great and small,
The *Gentle Craft*, shall ever call.

When the Journeymen Shoe-makers had heard this
Song, and the fair Title that Sir *Hugh* had given their
Trade,

Trade, they engraved the same so deeply in their Minds, that to this Day it could never be razed out: Like a Remembrance in a Marble Stone, which continueth Time out of Mind.

But not long after came the doleful Day wherein these two Lovers must lose their Lives; who like two meek Lambs were led to the Slaughter; the bloody Performance thereof was to be done hard by that fair Fountain, where the love despising Lady made her usual Abode: And because she was a King's Daughter, the bloody Tyrant gave her the Privilege to chuse her own Death: To the which she passed with as good a Countenance, as if she had been a fair young Bride prepared for Marriage.

(Viz.) When they were come to the Place of Execution, and mounted on the Scaffold, they seemed for Beauty like two bright Stars, *Cassio* and *Pollux*; there they embrace each other with such chaste Desire, as all those that beheld them admir'd to see how steadfast and firm these Lovers were, ready in Hearts and Minds for Heaven itself.

At which Time the Lady turned herself to Sir *Hugh*, and spoke to this Effect: Now I find thee a perfect Lover indeed, that having settled thy Affections above the Skies, are ready to yield thy Life for thy Love, who in Requital thereof will give thee Life for ever.

The Love of earthly Creatures is mixed with many Miseries, and interlaced with sundry Sorrows; and here Grief shall abate the Pleasures of Love, but be well assured that you shall follow the same.

Thoudidst woe me for Love, and now I have won thee to Love, where settling both ourselves upon God's Love, we will love one another; and in Token of that heavenly Love, receive of me, I pray thee, a chaste and loving Kiss from my dying Lips.

Fair *Winifred* (quoth he) it is true indeed, I never loved truly till thou taught'st me to love, for then my

Love

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Love was full of Discontent, but now altogether pleasing, and more sweet to the Thought thereof, than any one can express.

The Thing that I before used to call Love, was but a Shadow of Love, a Sweetness tempered with Gall, a dying Life and a living Death; where the Heart was continually tost upon the Seas of tempestuous Sorrows, and wherein the Mind had no Calm of Quietness; and therefore blessed be the Time that I ever learned this Love. With that he was interrupted by the Tyrant, who said, you are not come hither to talk but to die; I have sworn you shall both die this instant. Thou Tyrant (said Sir Hugh) the very like Sentence is pronounced against thyself, for Nature hath doomed that thou shalt die likewise, and albeit the Execution thereof be somewhat deferred, yet at length it will come, and that shortly, for never did Tyrant carry grey Hairs to the Grave.

The young Lady desired first to die, saying to Sir Hugh, come dear Friend and learn Magnanimity of a Maid; now shalt thou see a silly Woman scorn Death at his Teeth, and make a small Account of his Cruelty, as the Tyrant doth our Lives; and therewithal stript up her silken Sleeves, and committed her Alabaster Arms into the Executioner's foul Hands, having made her Choice to die Bleeding; at what Time, being prick'd in every Vain, the Blood sprang out in plentiful Sort, like a Fountain fill'd with Claret Wine.

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And while she thus bled, she said, here do I sacrifice my Blood to him that bought me, who by his Blood washt away all my Sins ; O sweet Saviour ! thus were thy Sides pierced for my Transgressions, and in this Sort sprang thy precious Blood from thee, all for the Love thou bearest to Mankind : I feel my Heart to faint, but my Soul receiveth Strength ; I come, sweet Jesus, I come ; and therewithal her Body fainting, and the Blood failing, like a Conduit drawn dry, the young Princess fell down dead, at which Time a pale Colour overspread her fair Face in such comely Sort, as if a heap of Roses had been shadowed with a Sheet of pure Lawn.

But it is to be remembred, all the while the young Princess bled, her Blood was received into several Basins, which being in that Sort saved together, the Tyrant caused it to be tempered with Poison, and prepared it to be the last Drink that Sir *Hugh* should have ; saying, that by her Blood whom he so dearly loved, he should receive his Death, and thereupon incontinently, without any further Delay of Time, he caused a Cup of the most
deadly

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deadly poisoned Blood to be deliver'd into his Hands, who with a lovely and chearful Countenance received the same, and then uttered his Mind in this Manner.

O thou cruel Tyrant (quoth he) what a poor Spite is this to inflict upon a dying Man, that is as careless how he dies, as when he dies: Easy it is for thee to glut me with Blood, although with Blood thou art not satisfied. Sweet Blood (quoth he) precious and pure, how fair a Colour dost thou cast before mine Eyes! Sweet, I say wast thou before such Time as this ill-favouring Poison did infect thee; and yet as thou art I nothing despise thee: O my dear *Winifred*, full little did I think that ever I should come to drink of thy dear Heart's Blood.

My greedy Eye, that Glutton-like did feed upon thy Beauty, and yet, like the Sea, was never satisfied, is now with gore-blood fully gorged. Now may I quench my thirsty Desire with Love, that like hot burning Coals set my Heart in such extreame Heat, that it could not be quenched before this Time; for if fair *Winifred* could spare any Love from Heaven, assuredly she left it in her Blood, her sweet Heart Blood I mean, that nourished her chaste Life: See here is a Caudle to cool my vain Affections; far be it that any true Lover should ever taste the like.

But this Punishment hath the just Heavens poured upon me for the preferring the Love of an earthly Creature before the Love of an Heavenly Creator; Pardon, O Lord, the foul Sins of superstitious Lovers, that while they make Idols of their Ladies, they forget the Honour of thy divine Majesty. Yet doth it do me good to think that I must bury sweet *Winifred's* Blood in my Body, whose Love was lodged long ago in my Heart: And therewithal drinking the first Draught, he said: O Lord, it seemeth this Portion hath a comfortable Taste, far doth it surpass the Nectar wherewith the Gods were nourished.

Well

Well (said the Tyrant) seeing it pleaseth thee so well, thou shalt have more; and therewithal another Cup of the same Blood was given him to drink.

Yea, come (quoth he) my Thirst is not quenched, for the first Draught gave me but a Taste of its Sweetness; like a longing Woman I desire the rest; and with that he drank the second Draught. The third being given him, he took the Cup in his Hand, and looking about, he said, Lo, here I drink to all the Yeomen of the *Gentle Craft*.

I drink to you all (quoth he) but I cannot spare you one Drop to pledge me. Had I any good Thing to give you, you should soon receive it; but my Life the Tyrant doth take, and my Flesh is bequeathed to the Fowls: So that nothing is left but only my Bones to pleasure you withal, and those, if they will do you any good, take them; and so I humbly take my Leave, bidding you all farewell.

Then with the last Draught he finished his Life; whose dead Carcase was hanged up, where the Fowls devoured his Flesh; and the young Princess was contemptuously buried by the Well where she had so long lived. Then had he the Title of *St. Hugh* given him, and she of *St. Winifred*, by which Terms they are both so called to this Day.

C H A P. IV.

How the Shoe-makers stole away St. Hugh's Bones, and made them Working Tools, and the Virtue they found in the same: Whereby it came that when any Man saw a Shoe-maker travelling with a Pack at his Back, they would presently say, There goes St. Hugh's Bones.

UPON a Time it chanced that a Company of Journeyman Shoe-makers passed along by the Place where *St. Hugh's* dead Body was hang'd, and finding

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finding the Flesh pickt clean off from the Bones, they entered thus into Communication amongst themselves.

Never was *St. Hugb* so bare (quoth one) to carry never a Bit of Skin upon his Bones; nor thou never so bare (saith another) to bear never a Penny in thy Purse.

But now hearing you talk of *St. Hugb*, it brings me to a Remembrance of his Legacy that he gave us at his Death. What was that? (said the rest) Marry (quoth he) I will tell you: When the gentle Prince saw that the Cruelty of the Tyrant would not suffer him to be liberal to his Friends, but that his Life was taken away by one, and his Flesh given to others, he most kindly bequeathed his Bones to us.



Tush (quoth another) that was but to shew his Mind towards the Shoe-makers, because he had received of them so many Favours; for alas what can the dead Man's Bones pleasure the living? No! (quoth another) I can tell you, there may be as great Virtue found in his Bones as in the Brains of a Weasel, or the Tongue of a Frog:

Frog: Much alike (answered the rest) but I pray shew us what Virtue there is in those Things you speak of. Quoth he, I will tell you; the Brains of a Weasel hath this Power, *Experientia docet*, that if the Powder thereof be mixed with Runnet, wherewith Women make their Cheese, no Mouse will touch it. In the like Manner, the Tongue of a Water Frog hath such great Force, that if it be laid upon the Breast of any one sleeping, it will cause them to tell whatever you demand; for by that Means *Dick Piper* knew he was a Cuckold. Again, I know those that are Travellers are not ignorant, that whoever puts but six Leaves of Mugworth in his Shoes, shall never be weary though he travel thirty or forty Miles in a Forenoon. That may be true (quoth one) for by the very same Herb my Dame kept her Ale from sowering; and it is said, that where Housleek is planted, the Place shall never be hurt with Thunder: Pimpernel is good against Witchcraft: And because my Sister *Joan* carried always some about her, Mother *Bumby* could not abide her: Therefore what Virtue a dead Man's Bones may have, we know not 'till we have tried them.

Why then, said the third Man, let us soon at Night steal *St. Hugh's* Bones away, and albeit the Tyrant will be displeased, yet it is no Theft; for you say they were given us, and therefore we may the bolder take them; and because we may turn them to Profit and avoid Suspicion, we will make divers of our Tools with them, and then if any Virtue doth follow them, the better we shall find it.

To this Motion every one gave his Consent, so that same Night *St. Hugh's* Bones were taken down, and being brought before a Set of Shoe-makers, there they gave their Opinion, that it was necessary to fulfil the Will of the dead, and to take those Bones in good use, as if they were worth 10,000/. whereupon one went out and thus did say:

D

My

My Friends I pray you listen to me,
And mark what St. *Hugh's* Bones shall be.

First, a Drawer and a Dresser,
Two Wedges, a more and a lesser :
A pretty Block three Inches high,
In Fash'on squared like a Die :
Which shall be call'd by proper Name,
A Heel-Block, ah, the very same :
A Hand Leather and Thumb Leather likewise,
To pull out Shoe-Thread we must devise.
The Needle and the Thimble shall not be left alone,
The Pincers, the Pricking-Awl, and Rubbing-Stone ;
The Awl, Steel and Tacks, the sowing Hairs beside,
The Stirrop holding-fast, while we sow the Cow-hide ;
The Whetstone, the Stopping-stick, and the Paring
All this doth belong to a Journeyman's Life ; (Knife,
Our Apron is the Shrine to wrap these Bones in ;
Thus shroud we St. *Hugh's* Bones in a Gentle Lamb's
Skin.

Now you good Yeomen of the *Gentle Craft*, tell me
(quoth he) how like you this ?

As well (replied they) as St. *George* doth of his Horse ;
for as long as we can see him fight with the Dragon, we
will never part with this Poesy,

And it shall be concluded, that what Journeyman soever
he be hereafter, that cannot handle his Sword and Buckler,
his long Sword and Quarter-staff, sound the Trumpet, or
play upon the Flute, or bear his Part in a Three-man's
Song, and readily reckon up his Tools in Rhime, (except
he have born Colours in the Field, being a Lieutenant, a
Serjeant or Corporal) shall forfeit and pay a Bottle of Wine,
or be counted for a Colt ; to which they answered all,
Viva, Viva, Content, Content: And then after many merry
Songs, they departed, and never after did they trav.
without

without these Tools on their Backs: Which ever since have been called St. Hugh's Bones.

CHAP. V.

How Crispianus and his Brother Crispine, the two Sons of the King of Logria, (thro' the Cruelty of the Tyrant Maximinus) were feign in a disguised Manner to seek their Lives Safety, and how they were entertain'd by a Shoe-maker in Feversham.

WHEN the Roman Maximinus sought in cruel Sort to bereave this Land of all her noble Youth, or Youth of noble Blood, the virtuous Queen of Logria (which is now called *Kent*) dwelling in the City of *Duroverum*, alias *Canterbury*, or the Court of *Kentish-men*, having at that Time two young Sons, sought all the Means she could to keep them out of the Tyrant's Claws: And in this Manner she spoke unto them.

My dear and beloved Sons, the Joy and Comfort of my Age, you see the Dangers of these Times and the Storms of a Tyrant's Reign: Who having now gathered together the most Part of the young Nobility, to make them Slaves in a Foreign Country, seeking for you also thereby to make a clear Riddance of all our born Princes, to the end he might plant Strangers in their Stead: Therefore (my sweet Sons) take the Counsel of your Mother, and seek in Time to prevent ensuing Dangers, which will come upon us as suddenly as a Storm at Sea, and as cruel as a Tyger in the Forest; therefore suiting yourselves in an honest Habit, seek some Service to shield you from Mischance, seeing Necessity hath privileged those Places from Tyranny. And so (my Sons) the Heavens may raise you to your deserved Dignity and Honour.

The young Lads seeing their Mother was so earnest to have them gone, fulfilled her Commands; and calling of their Attire, put homely Garments on, and with many

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bitter Tears took leave of their Mother, desiring her to bestow her Blessing on them.

O my Sons (quoth she) stand not now upon Ceremonies, had I leisure to give you one Kiss, it were something, the Lord bleſs you! get you gone, away, away, make haſte, I ſay, let not ſwift Time overſlip you, for the Tyrant is hard by: With that ſhe pushed them out at a back Door, and then ſet herſelf down to weep.

The two young Princes, who like pretty Lambs were ſtraying they knew not whither, at length by good Fortune came to *Feverſham*, where before the Day peep they heard certain Shoe-makers ſinging, being as pleaſant at their Notes, as they ſat at their Buſineſs, and this was their Song.

Would God that it were Holy-day,

Hey derry down, down derry,

That with my Love I might go play,

With Woe my Heart is weary:

My whole Delight is in her Sight,

Would to God I had her Company, her Company,

Hey derry down, down a down.

My Love is ſine, my Love is fair,

Hey derry down, down derry,

No Maid can well with her compare,

In *Kent* or *Canterbury*:

From me my Love ſhall never move,

Would to God I had her Company, &c.

To ſee her laugh, to ſee her ſmile,

Hey derry down, down derry,

Doth all my Sorrows clean beguile,

And makes my Heart full merry:

No Grief doth grow, where ſhe doth go,

Would to God I had her Company, &c.

When

When I do meet her on the Green,
Hey derry down, down derry,
 Methinks she looks like Beauty's Queen,
 Which makes my Heart full merry:
 Then I her greet with Kisses sweet,
 Would to God I had her Company, &c.

My Love comes not of churlish Kind,
Hey derry down, down derry,
 But bears a loving courteous Mind,
 Which makes my Heart full merry:
 She is not coy, she is my Joy,
 Would to God I had her Company, &c.

'Till Sunday comes, farewell my dear,
Hey derry down, down derry;
 When we do meet, we'll have good Chear,
 And then we will be merry:
 If thou love me, I will love thee,
 And still delight in thy Company, thy Company,
Hey derry down, down a down.

The young Princes perceiving such Mirth to remain
 in so homely a Cottage, judged by their pleasant Notes,
 that they were not cloyed with many Cares: And there-
 fore wished it might be their good Hap to be har-
 boured in a Place of such great Content.

But standing a long Time in Doubt what to do, like two
 distressed Strangers, combating betwixt Hope and Fear, at
 length taking Courage, *Crispianus* knocked at the Door:
 What Knaves knock there? (quoth one of the Journey-men)
 and by and by takes his Quarter-Staff, and opens the Door,
 being as ready to strike as speak: saying, what lack you?
 To whom *Crispianus* made this Answer: Good Sir, pardon
 our Boldness, and measure not our Truth by our
 Rudeness, we are two poor Boys that want a Service,
 stript from our Friends by the Fury of these Wars,

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and therefore are we enforced succourless to crave Service in any Place.. What have you no Friends or Acquaintance in these Parts to go to, (said the Shoemaker) by whose Means you might get Preferment? Alas! Sir, said *Crispianus*, Necessity is despised of every one, and Misery is trodden down of many, but seldom or never relieved; yet, notwithstanding, if Hope did not yield us some Comfort of a good Day, we should grow desperate through Distress. That were great Pity, (said the Shoemaker) be content, for as our Dame tells our Master, a patient Man is better than a strong Man: Stay, and I will call our Dame, and then you shall hear what she will say, With that he went in, and forth came his Dame; who, beholding the Youths, said, now, alas! poor Boys, how comes it to pass that you are out of Service? What would you be Shoemakers, and learn the Gentle Craft? Yes, forsooth, (said they) with all our Hearts. Now by my troth, (quoth she) you do look with honest true Faces, I will entreat my Husband for you, for we would gladly have good Boys, and if you would be just and true, and serve God, no Doubt but you may do well enough; come in my Lads, come in. *Crispianus* and his Brother, with great Reverence gave her Thanks; and by that Time they had stayed a little while, down came the good Man, and his Wife hard by his Heels, saying, Husband, these are the Youths I told you of, no Doubt but in Time they will be good Men.

Her Husband looking very wishfully upon them, and conceiving a good Opinion of their Favours, at length agreed that they should dwell with him, so that they would be bound for seven Years. The Youths being contented, the Bargain was soon ended, and so set to their Business, whereat they were no sooner settled, but that great Search was made for them in all Places, and accordingly the Officers came to the House where they dwelt, but, by reason of their Disguise, they knew them not, having also taken upon them borrowed Names of *Crispianus* and *Crispine*. Within a few Days the

Queen

Queen their Mother was by the Tyrant taken, and for that she would not confess where her Sons were, she was laid in Prison in *Colchester* Castle, whereunto she went with as chearful a Countenance as *Caterarus* did, when he was led Captive to *Rome*: Coming by the Place where her Sons sat at work, with a quick Eye she soon espied them; and look how a dying Coal revives in the Wind, even so at this sight she became suddenly red; but making signs that they should be silent, she was led along; whom Seven Years after, her Sons did not see. But as Men stand amazed at the Sight of Apparitions in the Air, as ignorant of what Success shall follow, even so were these two Princes amazed to see their own Mother thus led away, not knowing what Danger should ensue thereof.

Notwithstanding they thought good to keep their Service, as their Lives surest Refuge; at which Time they both bent their whole Minds to please their Master and Dame, refusing nothing that was put them to do; whether it was to wash Dishes, scour Kettles, or any other Thing, whereby they thought their Dame's Favour might be gotten, which made her the readier to give them a good Report to their Master, and to do them any other Service, which otherwise they should have missed, following therein the Admonition of an old Journeyman, who would always say to the Apprentices;

However Things do frame,
Please well thy Master, but chiefly thy Dame.

Now by that Time these two young Princes had truly served their Master the Space of four or five Years, he was grown wealthy, and they very cunning in their Trade, whereby the House had the Name to breed the best Workmen in the Country, which Report, in the End, preferred their Master to be the Emperor's Shoemaker; and by this Means his Servants went to *Maximian's* Court every Day; but *Crispianus* and *Crispine*

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fearing they should be known, kept themselves from thence as much as they could; notwithstanding at the last, persuaded that Time had worn them out of Knowledge, they were willing in the End to go thither, as well to hear Tidings of the Queen their Mother, as also seek their own Preferment.

CHAP. IV.

How the Emperor's Daughter Ursula fell in Love with Crispine, coming with Shoes to the Court, and how in the End they were secretly married by a blind Prior.



NOW among all the Shoemakers Men that came to the Court with Shoes, young *Crispine* was had in great Esteem with the fair Princess, whose Mother being lately dead, she was the only Joy of her Father, who always sought Means to match her with some worthy Roman, whose Renown might ring throughout the whole World.

But fair *Ursula*, whose bright Eyes had entangled her Heart with Desire of the Shoemaker's Favours, despised all Proffers of Love, in regard of him; and yet, notwithstanding, she would oft check her Opinion, in placing her Love upon a Person of such low Degree; thus reasoning with herself:

Most aptly is the God of Love by cunning Painters drawn blind, that so unequally shoots forth his fiery Shafes, for had he Eyes to see, it were impossible to deal in such Sort, as in matching *Venus* with foul *Vulcan*, yoking the imperial Hearts of Kings to the Love of Beggars, as he did to *Cofetua*; and as now in myself; I find how mad a Thing it would seem to the Eyes of the World, that an Emperor's Daughter should delight in the Favour of a simple Shoemaker.

O *Ursula*, take heed that thou dost not stain thy Royalty with such Indignity: O that *Crispine's* Birth was agreeable to his Person! for, in mine Eye, there is no Prince in the World comparable to him: If then, while he is cloathed with these Rags of Servitude, he appears so excellent, what would he be were he in princely Attire? O *Crispine*, either thou art not as thou seemest, or else Nature, in Disgrace of Kings, hath made thee a Shoemaker.

In these Humours would the Princess be often, especially at *Crispine's* Approach, or at his Departure; for as soon as ever he came within her Sight with Shoes, a sudden blush, like a Flash of Lightning, would strike her in her Face; and, at his Departure, an earthly pale Colour, like the Beams of the bright Sun obscured by Coal-black Clouds: But, after many weary Conflicts with Fancy, she fully resolved, at his next coming, to enter into Communication with him; but imagining his Stay from the Court over-long, on a sudden she sent presently for him, finding great Fault with the last Shoes he brought her; at which *Crispine* most humbly on his Knees craved Pardon for all such Faults as she then found

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found, promising Amendment in the next Shoes she would have.

Nay, (quoth she) I'll shew thee, they are too low something in the Instep, also the Heel is bad, and, beside, they are too straight in the Toes. You shall have a Pair made shall fit you better, for none shall set a Stich in them but myself: Do, (said the Princess) but let me have them as soon as thou canst: And wherewithal *Crispine* departed.

The Princess, all solitary in her Chamber, entered into Consideration, and found with herself great Trouble and Sorrow, while the Tongue (the Heart's Advocate) was not suffered to speak. At last she heard *Crispine's* Voice, enquiring of the Ladies for the Princess; who answered, that having taken little Rest the Night before, she was laid down to Sleep, and therefore they willed him to come again some other Time: Asleep, (said the Princess) I am not asleep; bid him stay; what hasty Housewife was that which sent him hence? Call him again quickly, I would advise you: And thereupon changing Melancholy into Mirth, she arose up out of her Bed; and, as a bright Star shooting in the Element, she quickly got forth to meet the Shoemaker, whose fair Sight was to her as great a Comfort, as a Sun-shine after a Shower of Rain. How now, (quoth she) hast thou brought me a Pair of Shoes? I have, gracious Madam, (quoth he). Then come thyself, and draw them on: Then sitting down, she lifted up her well-proportioned Leg upon his gentle Knee; where, by that Time her Shoes were drawn on, she had prepared a good Reward for her Shoemaker, and giving him a Handful of Gold, she said, thou hast so well pleased me in making these Shoes, that I cannot but reward thee in some good Sort; therefore Shoemaker take this, and from henceforth let no Man make my Shoes but thyself; but tell me, *Crispine*, art thou not in Love, that thou dost smog up thyself so finely; thou wast not wont to go so neatly: I pray tell me what pretty Wench it is that is Mistress of thy

thy Heart? Truly Madam, if I should not love, I might be accounted barbarous; for by Nature's Course, there is a mutual Love in all Things, the Dove and Peacock love entirely; so doth the Turtle and the Popinjay; the like Affection the Fish *Musculus* beareth to the Whale, insomuch, that he leadeth him from all Danger of the stony Rocks. And as amongst Birds and Fishes, so amongst Plants and Trees the like Concord is to be found; for if the Male of Palm Trees be planted from the Female, neither of them prosper; and being set one near another, they flourish accordingly, embracing with Joy the Branches of one another. And for mine own Part I am in Love too; for first of all I love my Maker, and next my good Master and Dame; but as concerning the Love of pretty Wenches, verily Madam I am clear, and the rather do I abstain from fixing my Fancy on Women, seeing so many Sorrows follow the married Sort; for a Dram of Delight hath a Pound of Pain.

That is (said the Princess) where Contention setteth the House on Fire, but where true Love remains, there is no Discontent; and what can a Man more Desire for this World's Comfort, than a virtuous Wife, which is a Treasure inestimable. Then *Grispine*, if I prefer thee to a Wife, every Way deserving of thy Love, wouldst thou take it well?

Truly, Madam (said *Grispine*) if I should not accept of your good Will, I should shew myself more unmanly than good-natured. But seeing it pleaseth you to grace me with your princely Countenance, and to give me Liberty to speak my Mind, this is my Opinion: If I were to chuse a Wife, then would I have one Fair, Rich and Wise: First to delight mine Eye, Secondly, to supply my Wants, and Thirdly, to govern my House.

Then (said the Princess) her Beauty will I refer to the Judgment of thine own Eyes, and her Wisdom to the Trial of Time; but as for her Portion, I dare make some

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some Report, for it well deserveth to be praised; and at her Marriage thou shalt have a Bag of rare Virtues with her. Truly Madam, (quoth *Crispine*) such Coin go not currant among Tanners; and I know if I should go with her to Market, it would buy me no Seal Leather. Notwithstanding, when I do see her, I will tell you more of my Mind.

The Princess taking him aside, privately walking with him in a fair Gallery, said, in looking upon me thou may'st judge of her, for she is as like me as may be. When *Crispine* heard her say so, he prudently answered; I had rather, Madam, she were your own self, than like yourself: and although my Words favour of Presumption, yet with your Favour I dare boldly pronounce it, that I hold myself worthy of a Queen, if I could get her good Will, and were it no Danger to match with your Excellency, so it should please you, it should not dislike me.

Then said the Princess: Now Shoe-maker I see thou hast some Courage in thee; and doubt not, but if I were of that Mind, I would be as ready to guide thee from the Rocks of thy Father's Wrath, as the Fish called *Musculus* is for the Whale. But could'st thou be contented to die for a Lady's Love? No, Madam, (quoth he) if I could keep her Love and live.

Then live fair Friend, answered she, enjoy my Love, for I will rather die than live without thee. *Crispine* hearing this, was struck with such an Extasy of Joy, as he knew not whether he was asleep or dreamed: But by that Time he had summoned his Wits together, with the plighting of his Faith, he opened his Estate and high Birth to her, shewing all the Extremities he and his Brother had been put to, since the Death of their royal Father, and of the Imprisonment of the Queen their Mother.

The which when the fair *Ursula*, with great Wonder, heard, giving an Earnest of her Love, with a sweet Kiss, she said, my dear Love, and most gentle Prince,
ever

ever did I think that more than a common Man was shrouded in these poor Habiliments, which made me the bolder to impart my Mind to thee; and now dread no more my Father's Wrath, for the Fire thereof was long ago quenched.

No, no, (quoth *Crispine*) an Eagle's Thirst is never expell'd by Blood. And altho' your Father hath now (perhaps) qualified the Heat of his Fury by the Length of Time, yet if he should understand of this my Love to thee, it would cause him to take out of the Ashes hot burning Coals of Displeasure again, and then might my Life pay a dear Price for thy Love.

Therefore, my dear *Ursula*, I desire thee, even by the Power of that Love thou bearest me, to keep secret what I have shewed to thee, not doubting but in Time I may find Release of these Miseries; in the mean Time we will be secretly married, by which Knot we (as well in Body as in Heart) may be inseparably tied together.

To this *Ursula* consented gladly; and told him, she would meet him in her Father's Park at any Hour he would appoint. Which she might do more easily, in Respect she had a Key to one of the Garden Doors, which gave present Passage into the Park. The Day and Hour being concluded upon, they both parted for this Time, with such Content, as in all their Lives they never found the like.

And at this Time there was in *Canterbury* a blind Friar, that in many Years had not seen the Sun; to this Man did *Crispine* go, thinking him the fittest Chaplain to chop up such a Marriage, who meeting with him at *Christ Church* one Evening, after the Anthem spoke to him thus:

God speed you good Father; there is a certain Friend of mine that would be secretly married in the Morning betimes; for which Purpose he thinks you the fittest Man to perform it in all the Cloyster, and therefore if

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you be diligent to do it, and secret to conceal it, you shall have four Angels for your Pain.

The Friar being fired with the Desire of this Gold, rubbing his Elbow and scratching his Crown, swore by the blessed Book that hung by his Knee, that he would be both willing, and constant to keep it secret. Tush, young Man, you may trust me, I have done many of these Feats in my Days, I know that Youth are Youth, but they would not have all the World wonder at their Doings. And where shall it be said the Friar? Quoth *Crispine*, at St. *Gregory's*, Chapel; and because you shall not make your Boy acquainted therewith, I myself will call you in the Morning, Good Father be not forgetful to observe the Time, two o'Clock is the Hour, and therefore be ready when I call you. I warrant you (replied the Friar) and because I will not over sleep myself, I will for this Night lie in my Cloaths; so that as soon as ever you call, I will be ready. Then, Father, I will trust to you, (quoth *Crispine*) and so departed.

When he came to his Master, he made not many Words; but as soon as he had sup'd on Sunday at Night he went to his Chamber, and laid him down upon his Bed; his Mind still running on his fair Mistress, and the happy Hour that will tie them both in one: Never was there a hungry starved Man that did long more for the sweet Approach of wholesome Food, than did *Crispine* for two o'Clock. And so soon as the silent Night had drawn all Things to rest, *Crispine* got up, and to *Canterbury* goes he to meet his Rose-check'd Lady in her Father's Park. Who also took Time by the Forelock, and like clear *Cynthia*, shaped her Course to seek out *Sol* in the Meridian: But so soon as her searching Eye had espied him she commended his Vigilancy, saying he well observed his Hour: O my dear (quoth he) rich Pearls do make true Men Thieves; but finding thee here so happily I will fetch the Friar straight. He had no sooner called at the Friar's Door, but he presently heard him, and groping the Way down, he opened the Door,
1 and

of the GENTLE CRAFT.

and they went together; but the Friar finding his Journey longer than he expected, said, that either St. Gregory's Chapel was remov'd, or else he was not so good a Footman as he had been. This is likely enough (said *Crispine*) how much the older you are since you went this Way, much the weaker you are to travel; but be you content now, we are at last come to the Place, and therefore good Friar make what Speed you can: I warrant you (quoth he) and therewithal he puts his Spectacles on his Nose. The fair Princess seeing that, laughed heartily, saying, little Need hath a blind Man of a Pair of Spectacles. Truly Mistress (said he) as little Need hath an old Man of a young Wife; but you may see what Use is: Tho' I be blind, and cannot see a Letter yet I cannot say Mass without my Book and Spectacles. And then he proceeded to solemnize their Marriage, which being finished the Friar had his Gold, and Home he was led: In the mean Time the Princess staid still in the Park for her Bridegroom; where, when he came on a Bank of sweet Primroses he pluckt the Rose of a morous Delight, and after the Princess came to her Father's Palace and *Crispine* to his Master's Shop.

C H A P. VII.

How Crispianus was prest to the War, and how he fought with Iphicratis the renowned General of the Persians, who made War upon the Frenchmen. Shewing also the Occasion of the Proverb, that a Shoe-maker's Son is a Prince born.

IN the mean Time that *Crispine* was secretly busied about his Marriage, his Brother *Crispianus* the same Night, with many others, was prest to the Wars into the Country of the *Gauls*, now called *France*, which made his Master and Dame full of Woe, who had committed to his Government his whole House; and when *Crispine* came home, they told him what had happened, de

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standing where he had been, and said, they were glad he had so well escaped.

Crispine excusing himself as well as he could, said, he was sorry for his Brother's sudden Departure. Notwithstanding the Joy of his late Marriage mitigated his sorrow; to whom, in his Brother's Absence, his Master gave the Oversight of his Household; which Place he guided with such Discretion, as he got the good Will of his Master, and Love of the Household; and as he sat one Day at his Work, he sung this Song in Commendation of his Marriage; himself singing the Ditty, and his fellows bore the Burthen.

Amongst the Joys on Earth,
Tho' little Joy there be,

Hey down, down a down,

Fine is the Silken Twist;

Among the married Sort,

Much Comfort do I see,

Hey down, down a down,

Believe it they that list.

He that is a married Man,

Hath Beauty to embrace,

Hey down, down a down,

and therefore muckle Woe;

He liveth in Delight,

And is in happy Case:

Hey down, down a down,

In Faith we think not so.

His Wife doth press his Meat,

With every Thing most meet,

Hey down, down a down,

Fair Women love good Chear;

And when he comes to Bed,

She gives him Kisses sweet,

Hey down, down a down,

For Thanks he pays full dear.

He

of the GENTLE CRAFT.

A hundred Honey Sweets,
He hath when that is done,
Hey down, down a down,
The Truth is seldom known;
He hath in little Time,
A Daughter or a Son,
Hey down, down a down,
God grant it be their own.
A Wife is evermore
Both faithful, true and just,
Hey down, down a down,
'Tis more than you do know;
Her Husband may be sure
In her to put his trust;
Hey down, down a down,
Most are deceived so.
While he doth ride abroad,
She looks unto his House,
Hey down, down a down,
The finest Cloth is torn;
And when that he comes Home,
She gives him Brawn and Sowle,
Hey down, down a down,
And oftentimes the Horn.

How now, what is that you say, (quoth *Crispine?*) Nothing (quoth he) but only bear the Burthen of your Song; and surely, we think it great Pity that you are not married, seeing you can sing so well in Praise of Marriage: Truly (quoth he) were it not for that holy Institution, what would the World be but a Brood of hapless Bastards, like to the cursed Seed of Cain, Men fit for all Manner of Villainy, and such as would leave behind him a Race of Runnagade Persons, that would live as badly as they are lewdly begotten.

The rest of the Journeyemen hearing him enter into such deep Discourse in the Matter, began therefore to demand many Questions; but seeing it appertaineth not to our Matter, we will leave them.

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In the mean Time will shew you something of *Crispianus*, who is now in *France* with many noble *Bri-*
gades, who *Maximinus* sent thither to aid the *Gauls* against
the mighty Force of *Ipbicratis*, the *Persian* General,
that at this Time invaded their Country with a mighty
Power. The Day of Battle being appointed, the
Armies met in the Field, at which Time both the Gene-
rals (like two Lions filled with Wrath) in their proud
March viewed one another, breathing forth on both
Sides Words of Disdain, and thus the General of the
Gauls began.

Thou insulting Commander of the Eastern Troops,
how durst thou set thy ambitious Foot within our Terri-
tories? cannot the Confines of *Persia* content thee, nor
those conquered Kingdoms already in thy Hand, but
with unsatiable Desire thou must come to usurp our
Right? Know thou, that the undaunted *Gauls* do scorn
thee; for albeit that, *Alexander* like, thou seekest to sub-
due the whole World, flattering thyself in thy Fortune;
yet never think that the Son of a Shoe-maker shall bend
your Neck to a servile Yoke. Therefore in our just
Right, we are come to give thee Hire for thy Pride, and
by the Force of our Swords to beat down the Sceptre of
thy proud Thoughts.

The renowned *Ipbicratis* to these Words made this
Reply: Now may I report, that the *Gauls* can do some-
thing, finding them so good Scolds; but know this,
that I come not to rail, but to revenge these contemptu-
ous Speeches, and that with the Point of our sturdy
Lances to thrust them down your Throats again; in-
deed, my Father's Trade is a Reproach to thy Father;
but thou shalt understand that a *Shoe-maker's Son* is a
Prince born; his Fortune made him so, and thou shalt
find no less. Hereupon, the Trumpets sounding a
Charge, and the Drums beating an Alarm, there follow-
ed a sore and terrible Fight, wherein *Crispianus* (like a
second *Hector*) laid about them, hewing down his Foes
on every Side, whose Valiancy and princely Courage
was

was noted of all the *Gauls*, and this fierce Fight ending with the Night's Approach, each Army took their Rest: at which Time the noble General of the *Gauls* sent for *Crispianus*, and received him with many kind Embraces in his Tent; he demanded of what Birth he was? to whom *Crispianus* returned this Answer: Most worthy General, my Birth is not mean, and my Secrets less, but by Trade I am a Shoe-maker in *England*.

A Shoe-maker (said the General) if such Fame 'waite upon Shoe-makers, and such Magnanimity follow them, well were it for us if all the People in the World were Shoe-makers: And as great Thanks am I to give to *Maximinus*, for sending me such a Soldier, as he may be proud to have such a Subject; and now sorry am I, that ever I reproached *Iphicratis* with his Father's Trade, seeing I find it true, that Magnanimity and knightly Prowess, is not always tied within the Compass of noble Blood; and for my own Part, I will so honourably requite thy Deservings, that thou shalt bless the Time that ever thou camest into these Wars,

The next Morning the General joined Battle again, resolving in this Fight either by Death or Victory, to make an end of these Troubles; where the Soldiers on each Side strove for the Golden Wreath of Renown. The two Generals meeting in the Battle, fought courageously together, in which bloody Conflict the Prince of the *Gauls* was thrice by *Iphicrates* unhors'd, and as many Times by *Crispianus* mounted again; but in the End the great Commander of the Eastern Army so mightily prevailed, that he had seized on the Person of the *French* Prince, and was carrying him Captive to his Colours.

But so highly was *Crispianus* favoured of Fortue, that he and his Fellows met him in the Pride of his Conquest, who then all besmeared in the *Persian* Blood, set upon *Iphicratis*, and so manfully behaved himself, that he recovered the Prince again, and in Despite of the *Persians* brought him to his royal Tent; in which Encounter the noble

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noble *Ipbicratis* was sore wounded, by Reason whereof the Soldiers had Rest for three or four Days; in which Space *Ipbicratis* sent to the Prince of the *Gauls*, to know what Knight he was, that in such valiant Sort had rescued him out of his Hands; saying, that if he could serve him, he would make him Ruler of a mighty Kingdom.

The French King sent him Word, that it was a right hardy *Britain*, which had performed that honourable Service, but no Knight, tho' well deserving a greater Dignity, but a Shoe-maker in *England*: And thus (quoth he) a Shoe-maker's Son was by a Shoe-maker foiled.

When *Ipbicratis* understood this, he sent Word again to the *Gauls*, that for the Favour of that worthy Man, he would not only cease the Wars, but for ever after be a Friend to the *Gauls*; which joyful Message, when the French King understood, he most willingly embrac'd the unlook'd for Tidings of a happy Peace; and thereupon made *Crispianus* a Knight.

After which there was a great Feast ordained, whereunto the renowned *Ipbicratis* was invited, and the two Generals with *Crispianus* friendly met together. Thus the sower Wars were ended with sweet Feastings; and *Ipbicratis* soon after departed out of the Country with his Army, and never after annoyed them.

Then the French King writing his Letter of Thanks to the Emperor *Maximus*, did therein certify him of the princely Acts of *Crispianus*, whereby he was brought into the Emperor's Favour; and with these Letters *Crispianus* returned into *England*.

CHAP. VIII.

How the Lady Ursula finding herself to be with Child, made great Moan unto her Husband Crispine; and how he provided for her in a secret Place where she was delivered.

IN the mean Time the Lady *Ursula* finding herself to be with Child, and her unknown Husband coming one Day with Shoes to her, she made her Moan unto him; saying, O *Crispine*, how shall we do? the Time of my Shame and Sorrow draweth on, I feel that living in my Womb which I fear will bring Death upon us all. Why, my dear Lady (answered he) art thou with Child? Keep thy Chamber close, and wittily excuse thy Grief, until I have found Means to procure our Safety.

But dost thou mean faithfully? (said she) wilt thou not deceive me, and for Fear of my Father's Wrath fly the Country? If thou shouldest do so, then were I the wretchedest Lady alive; forsake me not, sweet *Crispine*, whatsoever thou dost, but take me with thee wherever thou goest; it is not my Father's Frowns I regard, so I have thy Favour: I care not for a princely Palace, an homely Cottage shall content me. O my Love, I will rather spin Hemp for thy Shopthread, than live without thee in the greatest Pleasure.

I will not leave thee, my dear Love, (said he) by that Faith I vow, which I plighted to thee at our blessed Marriage, and therefore be contented, and it shall not be long before I return. Leaving thus his sad Lady he came Home, and secretly broke the Matter to his Dame, desiring her Counsel in this his Extremity.

What, how now, (quoth she) hast thou got a Maid Child? Ah thou whoreson Villain, thou hast undone thyself, how wilt thou do now? thou hast made a fair Hand, here is now sixteen Pence a Week, beside Soap

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and Candles, Beds, Shirts, Biggins, Waistcoats, Head-bands, Swaddle-bands, Cross Cloath, Bibs, Tailcloats, Mantles, Hose, Shoes, Clouts, Petticoats, Cradle and Crickets, and besides that a standing Stool, and a Posnet to make the Child Pap; and all this is come upon thee, besides the Charge of her Lying-in: Oh, *Crispine!* *Crispine!* I am heartily sorry for thee. But in good Faith, if I knew the Queen that hath brought thee to this Folly, I would have her by the Face, I swear to you; for altho' I speak it before thee *Crispine* thou art a proper Fellow, and thou mightest have done full well if thou hadst had Grace, God hath done his Part on thee; and with that she began with Kindness to weep; whereupon her Husband coming in, asked what she ailed? O Man (said she) *Crispine*—Why, what of *Crispine*? tell me; why speakest thou not? We shall lose a good Servant, so we shall. What Servant shall we lose foolish Woman (quoth he) tell me quickly? O Husband! by Cock and Pye I swear I'll have her by the Nose; what the Devil art thou mad that thou wilt not Answer me?

Crispine, who at his Master's coming in, shunned the Room, lending an Ear to these Words, went to his Master, and said to him; Sir, these four Years have I served you, and the fifth draweth near to an end, and as I have found you a good Master, so you have had no great Cause to complain of me, tho' thro' Ignorance I have sometimes offended, and knowing at this Instant no Man so near a Friend to me as yourself, I thought good to impart my secret Counsel to you; something I presumed upon my good Dame's Favour, which made me open that to her which I now wish I had not, now resting more on her Discretion than her Secrefy, I would now desire your Counsel in a Matter that concerns me very near. Verily, said his Master, if it be a Thing wherein I may do thee good, thou shalt find that I will not fall from thee in thy Sorrows, and therefore be not ashamed to declare thy Mind; for I swear if I may procure

cure

cure thee right, thou shalt put up with no Wrong. Why then Sir, thus it is: My Will running before my Wit, I have gotten a Maid with Child, and I know not in this Case what to do, to preserve the Maid from Shame, and myself from Discredit: Besides, I doubt if it be known it will cost me my Life; therefore in such a Case good Master be secret. Tush Man, fear not; it is a Matter of nothing; but I pray thee now tell me what wanton Wagtail it is thou hast clap'd under the Apron? O Master (quoth he) the King's fair Daughter is my Love, and she it is that lives in Care for my Sake. Passion, on my Heart! thou whoreson Villain, quoth his Master, thou art a dead Man; I admire how thou camest to be so bold with her; surely thou hast drawn on her Shoes on Sunday, I may say, thou hast left so good a Token behind thee; but in Truth my Boy I commend thee, that thou wouldst shoot at the fairest. Yea Sir, quoth *Crispine*, and I have hit the Mark I trow, and I do verily believe that none will shoot so near again. Nay, swear not, said the Master, many may aim at a fair Mark, and more than one Man hits it now and then: But what wouldst thou have me do in this Case? My good Master the Truth is, she is my Wife, and the very same Nig my Brother was prest to the Wars, I was married to her; and if you could tell me how she might be delivered of her Burthen without Suspicion, I should not only remain beholden to you, but would also gratify your Kindness in such Sort as would content you.

His Dame all this while listened to their Talk, and when she understood that he spake of the King's Daughter, and that he had married her, she said: Now God's Blessing on thy Heart, *Crispine*, that thou art so careful for thy Wife: But it maketh me wonder that she should marry a Shoe-maker, and a poor Fellow too. Master and Dame (quoth *Crispine*) seeing I have begun, I'll shew you another Master, as strange as the other. The Necessity of these Times make many noble Person-

ages

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ages to mask in this Habit, as *Jupiter* did in *Shepherd's Weeds*; and the Truth is, the Lady *Ursula* is not ignorant, that by matching with me, she hath wedded a Prince; and you may say, that these five Years two Princes have served you obediently, under the simple borrowed Names of *Crispine* and *Crispianus*. Our royal Father was slain by the Emperor *Maximinus*, and the Queen our Mother yet lies imprisoned; and your poor House and these Leather Garments have been our Life of Defence against the Blood-thirsty Tyrant. Now you see that tho' there was Hate towards us in the Father, yet there is Love yielded us by the Daughter. This must be kept for a certain Time from the Knowledge of him, lest our Lives pay a dear Ransom for our Loves. Well *Crispine*, quoth his Dame, be of good Cheer, for I have a Device in my Head how to get thy Love out of her Father's Palace, that she may be brought to Bed in my House, without Hurt to thee or Dishonour to her, if thou wilt do as I wish thee: When thou perceive that she grows near the Time of her Travail, I would have you set a Tree on Fire late in the Night, that standeth near one of the Beacons upon the Sea Coast, whereby it will follow, that such Watchmen that watch on our Beacons, supposing the Beacons on the Sea Coast to be on Fire, will set theirs on Fire also. Then will there be a great Hurly-burly, with the Preparation of Men at Arms on all Sides, to withstand the supposed Foe, the which they shall never find: Then (as you know) *Maximinus* with his Household will be in most Fear, because he is most hated; that whilst he is abroad, the rest of his Household will every one of them seek for their own Safeguard, amongst the which, let fair *Ursula* be one, who by that Means singling herself alone, may take up my House, and here she may be closely kept 'till she be delivered, taking upon her the Name and Habit of a simple Woman.

But the Truth of this Matter (quoth *Crispine*) I doubt will soon be perceived and found out, then how shall
Lady

Lady *Ursula* do, for she will strait be missed; Tush, that is no Matter (quoth his Dame) and missed let her be until such Time she is in a better Case to go abroad again: So in such a Tumult as there will be, they will suppose many Things, that some Misfortune has befallen her, or if she be in Health, that she hath wandered into the Woods, or some other uncouth Place, where she might best provide for her Safety, and when she comes Home again, I warrant thee *Crispine* she shall be welcome. Then said his Master, I like my Wife's Counsel well, put it in Practice; whereunto *Crispine* consented; and making the Lady privy to the Design, and at length it was put into Execution; at which there was crying out on all Sides, arm, arm, arm, our Enemies are coming upon us. Where? quoth they, at *Rucupium*, said one; at *Arugagus* Castle, said another; quoth the third, it is at *Doris*; I tell you quoth the fourth, it is at *Dour*; and all this while it is but at *Dover*, said the fifth man, and at *Dover* it is undoubtedly; therefore haste away, for never was more Need: So that *Maximinus* was almost at his Wits end, at one not knowing which Way to turn, the Cries of the People came so thick after one another; the waiting Gentlemen left the Princess and sought for their own Safety: Thus while some were busy in carrying out the King's Treasure, some hiding the Plate, others the Goods, *Ursula* had an easy Passage into the Shoe-maker's House.

The young Prince *Crispine* was gone with the rest of the Town towards *Dreyer*, where when they came, there was nothing to do; which when *Maximinus* saw he was not a little glad the Wars were so soon ended; but when he came to the Court and missed his Daughter, there was posting up and down in every Place to seek her, but all in vain, for no man could find her, for which he much grieved, making a Proclamation throughout the whole Country, that whosoever could bring her to him, he should not only have a Princely

Reward, but also, if he were a Man of noble Blood, he should be honoured with the Marriage of his fair Daughter.

This was good News to *Crispine*, who was not to learn to make Profit thereof: But by that Time his Lady was light, *Crispianus* his elder Brother was arrived in *England* with great Honour, as before you have heard. And before he went to the Court, he thought it good to visit his old Master, who came also in good Time to the Christening of his Brother's Child: which when he Wonder beheld, noting what a strange Accident there was, that *Maximinius's* Daughter should be his Brother's Wife, but after that he had, in a princely Manner; saluted the new deliver'd Lady, taking the Infant in his Arms, he kissed it, saying, now will I swear, that *A Shoe-maker's Son is a Prince born*; joining in the Opinion of *Ipbicratis*, and henceforth Shoe-makers shall never let their Term die.

Then turning to his Master and Dame he said: How much, dear Master and Dame, are we bound to your Favours, that have maintained our Honours with our Happiness, for by this Means I hope we shall make a joyful Conclusion of our sorrowful Beginning, and I will so contrive, that the Emperor shall confirm what is already begun, I mean the Honour due to these princely Lovers, and together with our happy Fortunes, procure our Mother's Liberty.

Hereupon, within a short Time after, he made Preparation to go to the Court, attiring himself in a princely Manner, and with a most Knightly Grace he delivered to *Maximinius* the King of *Gaul's* Letter, where he certified the Emperor of the honourable Deeds performed by *Crispianus*; whereupon he received him to great Favour, and said unto him; right renowned Knight, for the great Honour thou hast done me in *France*, I will honour thee with any Thing thou shalt command, that agreeth with the Majesty and Credit of an Emperor to give. Then I beseech your Highness,
quoth

quoth he, to grant me the Life and Liberty of my Mother, the late Queen of *Logria*. Art thou her Son? said *Maximinus*. Although thy Father was my Foe, yet must I needs say he was a most courageous and warlike Prince; thy Suit is granted: And once I had a Daughter worthy of thy Love, but unconstant Fortune hath bereft me of that Bliss: But had it pleased the Heavens to have left her to me this Day, I would have made thee more honourable by her Match; but seeing wishing doth not profit thee, take hence the richest Jewel that I have, and be thou next myself in Authority. With that he took from his own Neck a Collar of precious Diamonds, and gave it to *Crispianus*; saying, be thou as fortunate as *Polycrates*.

C H A P. IX.

How fair Ursula came before her Father with Crispine her Husband, who was joyfully received by him, and in the End he had his good Will to confirm the Marriage betwixt them: Whereupon there was great Joy on both Sides, and the Shoe-makers in Honour of this happy Day made a joyfull SONG.

WITHIN a certain Space after, Word was brought to the Emperor, that his Daughter was with a Shoe-maker come to the Court, whereat *Maximinus* was stricken into a sudden Joy, saying, an honourable Shoe-maker may he be that hath brought me my fair Daughter again: Welcome sweet *Ursula*, and in good Time welcome to thy Father, and welcome also is this happy young Man, that hath so fortunately brought thee; and turning to *Crispianus*, he said, noble Sir Knight, take here my Daughter to Wife. Not so, dear
F 2 Father,



Father, (quoth she) this Man hath best deserved my Love, that hath preserved my Life, and his Wife will I be. Why *Ursula* (said her Father) wilt thou darken the Sun Shine of my Joy with Clouds of foul Obstinacy, and yoke thyself so unequally? This Man is a Prince: And this Man's Son is another (quoth she.) This is strange (said the Emperor) can that Child be a Prince, whose Father is but a Shoe-maker?

Then answered *Ursula*, my royal Father, a Shoe-maker's Son is a Prince born. Most gracious Lord, (quoth *Crispianus*) the very like Sentence did I hear the renowned *Iphicratis* pronounce to the King of the *Gauls*, when he upbraided him of his Birth. With that *Crispianus's* Dame presented the Child to the Emperor, and fair *Ursula* was very diligent to uncover the Child's Face, and held it to her Father. Why, Daughter (quoth he) art thou not ashamed to honour this base born Brat so much? Hence with the Elf; and therewith pushed it from him; whereat his Daughter's Tears trickled down her Cheeks, and so taking the Child, gave it again to the Woman. What (said *Maximinus*) dost thou love the

the Child so well that thou must kiss it and weep for it ?
I have Cause, dear Father (quoth she) for that this
Child's Mother lay in my Mother's Belly.

At these Words the Emperor suspecting something,
demanded of *Crispine* what Parentage he was, and then
knowing he was *Crispianus* Brother, all the Controversy
was ended, and their secret Marriage confirm'd openly
with great Joy and Triumph ; at which Time the Shoe-
makers in the same Town made Holiday, to whom
Crispine and *Crispianus* sent most princely Gifts to main-
tain their Merriment : and ever after, upon that Day at
Night, the Shoe-makers make great Chear and Feast-
ing, in Remembrance of these two princely Brethren ;
and because it might not be forgotten, they caused their
Names to be placed in the Kalendar for yearly Remem-
brance, which you shall find in the Month of *October*,
three Days before the Feast of *Simon and Jude*.

The Shoe-maker's Song on *Crispianus's* Night.

TWO princely Brethren once there were,
Right Sons unto a King,
Whose Father, Tyrant *Maximinus*,
To cruel Death did bring :
Crispianus the one was call'd,
The eldest of the two,
Crispine it was the other's Name,
Who well had learn'd to woo.
These Brethren then were after forc'd,
From Father's House to fly,
Because their Foes to take their Lives,
In privy Wait did lye.
Into a kind Shoe-maker's House,
They suddenly slept in,
And there to learn the *Gentle-Craft*,
Did presently begin.
And five Years Space they lived so,
With great Content of Mind.

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So that the Tyrant could not tell,
 Whereat he should them find;
 Tho' every Day to Court they came,
 With Shoes for Ladies Feet,
 They were not known by their Attire,
 They us'd themselves to meet.
 At length unto the furious Wars,
 Was *Crispianus* prest,
 Whereas his knightly Prowess then,
 He try'd above the rest.
 But *Crispine* found him better Sport,
 Would I had *Crispine* been,
 The King's fair Daughter lov'd him well,
 As it was after seen.
 The Length of this fair Lady's Foot,
 So well did *Crispine* know,
 That none but him could please her Mind,
 The certain Truth is so.
 Came he by Night or else by Day,
 He was most welcome still,
 With Kisses sweet she did him pay,
 And Thanks for his good Will.
 So oft these Lovers twain did meet,
 By Day and eke by Night,
 That at the last the Lady said,
 She should be 'shamed quite.
 What was the Matter tell me true,
 That thus her Sorrow bred?
 Her Shoe-maker most daintily,
 Had got her Maidenhead.
 But at length so wisely wrought,
 As doth the Story tell,
 Her Father's right good Will he got,
 And every Thing was well.
 And *Crispianus* came again,
 From Wars victoriously,
 Then Shoe-makers make Holiday,
 And therefore so will I.

And

And now for *Crispianus* Sake,
 This Wine I drink to thee,
 And he that doth his Mark mistake,
 And will not now pledge me,
 He is not *Crispianus's* Friend,
 Or worthy well I wot,
 To have a Lady to his Love,
 As *Crispine* he hath got.

C H A P. X

How Sir Simon Eyre being at first a Shoe-maker, became in the end Lord Mayor of London, thro' the Counsel of his Wife; and how he broke his Fast every Day on a Table that he said he would not sell for a Thousand Pounds; and how he built Leaden-Hall.

OUR *English* Chronicles do make mention,* that in old Times there was in the honourable City of London a worthy Mayor, known by the Name of Sir Simon Eyre, whose Fame liveth in the Mouth of many to this Day; who, from mean Parentage, yet by God's Blessing, in the end he came to be a worthy Man in the Common-Wealth.

This Man being brought young out of the North Country, was bound Apprentice to a Shoe-maker, bearing then the Name *Gentle-Craft* (as still it doth) his Master being a Man of a reasonable Wealth, set many Journey-men and Apprentices to work, who followed their Business with great Delight, which quite excludeth all Weariness; for when Servants do sit at their Work like Dromedaries, then their Minds are never lightly on their Business; for it is an old Proverb,

They poor Servants kind and good,
 That sing at their Business like Birds in a Wood.

Such

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Such Fellows had this young Lad, who was not behind with many Northern Jigs, to answer their Southern Songs: This Youth being the youngest Apprentice in the House, as Occasion served, was often sent to the Conduit for Water, where in a short Time he fell acquainted with many other Apprentices, coming thither for the same Intent.

Now their Custom was, that every Sunday Morning divers of these Apprentices used to go to a Place near the Conduit to break their Fast with Pudding-pies; and often they would take *Simon* along with them; but upon a Time it fell out, that when he should draw Money to pay the Shot with the rest, he had none; whereupon he merrily said unto them, my faithful Friends and Conduit Companions, Treasurers of the Water-Tankard, and main Pillars of the Pudding House, I may now compare my Purse to a barren Doe, that yields the Keeper no more good than an empty Carcase; or a bad Nut, which being opened hath no Kernel: Therefore, if it please you to excuse me at this Time, for my Part of the Shot, I do here vow, that if ever I come to be Lord Mayor of the City, I will give a Breakfast to all the Apprentices in *London*. We do take your Word (quoth they) and so departed.

It came to pass, that *Simon* having worn out the Time of his Apprenticeship, he fell in Love with a Maiden, a near Neighbour unto him, to whom at length he was married, and got him a Shop, and laboured hard, and his young Wife was never idle, and when she had nothing to do, she sat in the Shop and Spun; and having lived alone a Year or thereabouts, and gathered something together, he got him some Apprentices and a Journeyman or two, and he could not make his Ware so fast as he could have sold it, so that he stood in great Need of a Journeyman or two more.

At last one of his Servants espying one go along the Streets with a Fardle at his Back, called to his Master, saying, Sir, Yonder goes *St. Hugh's Bones* Twenty Pound

Pound to a Penny : Ran presently (quoth he) and fetch him hither : The Boy running forth, called to the Man, saying, good Fellow come hither, here is one would speak with you. The Fellow being a *Frenchman* that had not long been in *England*, turning about, said, Hea, what you sea, will you speak wid me ? Hea, what you have ? Tell me what you have, hea ? and with that, coming to the Stall, the good Man asked him if he lack'd Work : We per may Foy, quoth the *Frenchman* ; hereupon *Simon* took him in, and to work he went merrily, where he behaved himself so well, that his Master made a good Account of him, thinking he had been a Bachelor, but in the end it was found otherwise.

This Man was the first that wrought upon the low cut Shoe, with the square Toe, and the Latchet over the Instep ; before which Time in *England* they did wear a high Shoe that reached above the Ankles, right after the Manner of our Husbandmens Shoes at this Day : save only that it was made very sharp at the Toe, turning up like the Tail of an Island Dog, or as you see a Cock carry his hind Feathers :

Now it is to be remembred, that while *John Deleval* dwelt with *Simon Eyre*, it chanced that a Ship of the Isle of *Candy* was driven on our Coast, laden with all Kind of Lawns and Cambricks, and other Linnen-Cloth, which Commodities at that Time were in *London* very scarce and exceeding dear ; and by Reason of a great Leak the Ship had gotten at Sea, being unable to sail any farther, he would make what Profit he could of his Goods here.

And being come to *London* it was *John Deleval*'s Chance to meet him in the Street, of whom the Merchant in the Greek Tongue demanded where he might have a Lodging ; for he was one that had never been in *England* before, and being unacquainted, knew not whither to go ; but while he spake Greek, *John Deleval* answered him still in French, which Tongue the Merchant understood well. And therefore being

being glad that he had met with one that could talk with him, he declared to him what Tempests he endured at Sea, and also how his Ship lay on the Coast with such Commodities as he would sell: Truly Sir (quoth *John*) I am myself but a Stranger in this Country, and utterly unacquainted with Merchants, but I dwell with one in the City, a very honest Man, who perhaps can help you to some that will deal with you for it, and if you think it good, I will move him with it; and in the mean Time I'll bring you where you may have a Lodging, and Tomorrow Morning I will come to you again.

Sir, said the Merchant, if you please to do me that Favour, I will not only be thankful unto you for the same, but will content you for your Pains, and with that they departed.

Now as soon as *John* the Frenchman came Home, he moved the Matter to his Master, desiring him that he would do what he could for the Merchant. When his Master had heard each Circumstance, noting therewith the Want of such Commodities in the Land, he considered as he stood cutting out his Work, what was the best to be done in this Case, saying, to his Man *John*, I will think upon it betwixt this and Morning, and then I will tell you my Mind; and so casting down his Cutting-Knife, he went out of his Shop into his Chamber, walking up and down alone very sadly, ruminating thereon so deeply, that his Wife tending for him to Supper two or three Times, who nothing regarded the Maids Call; at last his Wife came to him, saying, Husband, what mean you that you don't come to Supper? Why speak you not Man? Hear you? Good Husband come away, your Meat will be cold: But for all her Words he walked up and down still, like a Man that had sent his Wits a Wool-gathering; which his Wife seeing, pulled him by the Sleeve, saying, Why Husband, in the Name of God, why come you not? Will you not come to Supper to Night, I call'd you a good while ago. Body of me Wife, I promise thee I did

did not hear thee : No Faith it seemeth : so (quoth she) marvel whereupon thy Mind runneth : believe me Wife (quoth he) I was studying how to make myself Lord Mayor, and thee a Lady.

Now God help you (quoth she) I pray God make us able to pay every Man his own, that we may live out of Debt and Danger, and drive the Wolf from the Door, and I desire no more. But Wife (said he) I pray thee now tell me, dost not thou think that thou could'st make a Shift to bear the Name of a Lady if it was put upon thee? In Truth Husband (quoth she) I'll not dissemble with you : If your Wealth were able to bear it, my Mind would bear it well enough. Well Wife, replied he, I'll tell thee now in Sadness, that if I had Money, there is a Commodity now to be bought, the Gains whereof would be able to make thee a Gentlewoman for ever. Alas, Husband, that Dignity your Trade allows you already, being a 'Squire of the *Gentle Craft*, then how can you be less than a Gentleman, seeing your Son is a Prince born : Tush Wife, quoth he, those Titles do only rest in the Name, but not in Nature ; but of that Sort I had rather be, whose Lands are answerable to their Virtues, and whose Rents can maintain the Greatness of their Minds. Then sweet Husband, tell me, said his Wife, what Commodity is that you might get so much by? I am sure yourself hath some Money, and it shall go very hard but I will procure Friends to borrow one Forty Shillings ; and besides that, rather than you shall lose so good a Bargain, I have a couple of Crowns that never see Sun since we were first married, and them also you shall have. Alas, Wife! (said *Simon*) all this comes not near the Matter, I confess it would do some good in buying some Backs of Leather, but in this Thing 'tis nothing for this is Merchandize that is precious at this Time, and rare to be had ; and I hear that whosoever will have it, must lay down Three Thousand Pounds ready Money : Yea Wife, and get thereby Three and Three Thousand Pounds Profit.

His

His Wife hearing him say so, was inflamed with the Desire thereof, as Women are for the most Part very covetous: The Matter running still in her Mind, she could scarce find in her Heart to spare him Time to go to Supper, for very Eagerness to animate him on to take that Bargain upon him; wherefore so soon as they had supped and given God Thanks, she said to her Husband, that Man is not always to be blamed, that sometimes takes Counsel of his Wife, tho' Womens Wits are not able to comprehend the greatest Things, yet in doubtful Matters they often help on sudden.

Well Wife, what mean you by this (said her Husband?) In Truth (quoth she) I would have you to pluck up a Man's heart, and speedily chop up a Bargain for these Goods you speak of. Who I (quoth he?) which Way should I do it, that am not able for Three Thousand Pounds to lay down Three Thousand Pence? Tost Man, (quoth she) what of that? Every Man that beholds a Man in the Face, knows not what he has in his Purse; and whosoever he be that owns the Goods, he will (no Doubt) be content to stay a Month for his Money or Three Weeks at least; and I promise you, to pay a Thousand Pound a Week is a pretty round Payment, and I may say to you not much to be misliked of.

Now, Husband, I would have you in the Morning, with *John the Frenchman*, go to the *Grecian Merchant*, and with good Discretion make a sound Bargain with him for the whole Freight of the Ship, and thereupon give him half a Dozen Angels in Earnest, and Eight and Twenty Days after the Delivery of the Goods, Condition to deliver him the rest of the Money. But Woman (quoth he) dost thou imagine that he will take my Word upon so weighty a Sum of Money, and to deliver his Good on no better Security.

Good Lord (quoth she) have you not Wit in such a Case to make Shift? I'll tell you what you shall do: Let it not be known that you bargain for yourself, but tell him, that you do it in the Behalf of one of the chief Aldermen

Aldermen of the City; but beware that you leave not with him your Name in writing, he being a *Grecian* cannot read *English*, and you have no Need at all to shew *John the Frenchman*, or if you should, it were no Matter; for you know that he can neither read nor write.

I perceive Wise, quoth he, thou wouldst faine be a Lady, and worthy thou art to be one that dost thus employ thy Wits to bring thy Husband Profit; but tell me, if he should be desirous to see the Alderman to confer with him, how shall we do then? Jesus have Mercy upon me, quoth she, you say Women are Fools, but to me it seemeth Men have need to be taught sometimes; before you come away in the Morning, let *John the Frenchman* tell him, that the Alderman himself shall come to his Lodging in the Afternoon, and receiving a Note of all the Goods that are in the Ship, he shall deliver him a Bill of his Hand for the Payment of his Money, according to that Time. Now Sweetheart, quoth she, this Alderman shall be thine own self, and I'll go borrow for thee all Things that shall be necessary against that Time. Tush, quoth her Husband, canst thou imagine that he seeing me in the Morning, will not know me again in the Afternoon? Go, Husband, quoth she, he will not know thee, I warrant thee; for in the Morning thou shalt go to him in thy Doublet of Sheep-skin, with a smutch'd Face, and thy Apron before thee; thy Thumb-leather and Hand-leather buckled close to thy Wrist, with a foul Band about thy Neck, and a greasy Cap on thy Head. Why, Woman, quoth he, to go in such Sort would be a Discredit to me, and make the Merchant doubtful of my Dealing, for Men of a simple Attire, are (God wot) but slenderly esteemed.

Hold your Peace, good Husband, quoth she, it shall not be so with you, for *John the Frenchman* shall give such good Report to the Merchant of our honest Dealing (as I praise God he can do no less) as the *Grecian* will rather conceive the better of you than otherwise,

judging you a discreet and prudent Man, that will not make a Shew of that you are not, but go in your Attire agreeable to your Trade: And because none of our Folks should be privy to our Intent, to-morrow we will dine at my Cousin *John's*, the Barber, in *St. Clement's-Lane*, which is not far from the *George* in *Lombard-Street*, where the Merchant lies. Now I'll be sure that all Things shall be ready at my Cousin *John's*, that you may put on in the Afternoon; and there he shall first of all with his Scissars snip off all the superfluous Hairs, and fashion thy brushy Beard, after the Alderman's grave Cut; then wash thee with a sweet Camphire Ball, and besprinkle thy Head and Face with the purest Rose-water; then shalt thou scour thy pitchy Fingers in a Bason of hot Water, with a washing Ball; all this being done, strip thee from these common Weeds, and I'll put thee on a Doublet of rawny Sattin, over which thou shalt have a Cassock of branched Damask, furred round the Skirts with the finest Foyns, thy Breeches of black Velvet, and Shoes and Stockings fit for such Array; a Band about thy Neck, as white as the driven Snow, and for thy Wrists a pretty Pair of Cuffs, and on thy Head a Cap of finest black; then shalt thou put on a far Gown, welted about with Velvet, and overthwart thy Back it shall be laid with the richest Foyns, with a Pair of sweet Gloves on thy Hands, and on thy Fore finger a great Seal Ring of Gold.

Thou being thus attired, I'll entreat my Cousin *John* the Barber, because he is a very handsome young Man, neat and fine in his Apparel, as indeed all Barbers are; that he would take the Pains to wait upon you to the Merchant, as if he were your Man, which he will do at first Word, because one of you cannot understand the other, so that it will be sufficient, with outward Courtesy, one to greet another, and to deliver to you his Note, and you to give him your Bill, and so come Home.

It doth my Heart good to see how trimly this Appa-
rel doth become you; in Faith, Husband, methinks in
my Mind I see you in it already, and how-like an Al-
derman you are in this costly Array. At your Return
from the Merchant, you shall put off all these Cloaths
at my Cousin's again, and come Home as you went
forth; then tell *John the Frenchman*, that the Alderman
was with the Merchant this Afternoon: You may send
to him in the Morning, and bid him to command that
his Ship may be brought down the River; while she is
coming you may give Notice to the Linnen-Drapers of
the Commodities you have coming. Wife, quoth he,
thou hast said enough; and, by the Grace of God,
I'll follow thy Counsel, and I doubt not but to have good
Fortune.

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CHAP. XI.

*How Simon Eyre was sent for to my Lord-Mayor's
to Supper, and shewing the great Entertainment
he and his Wife had there.*



WHEN Supper-time drew near, she making herself ready in the best Manner she could, passing along with her Husband to my Lord Mayor's House, and being entered the great Hall, one of the Officers certified my Lord Mayor, that the great rich Shoemaker and his Wife were already come; whereupon the Lord Mayor in courteous Manner came into the Hall to Simon, saying, you are heartily welcome, good Master Eyre, and so is your gentle Bedfellow: Then came the Lady Mayorels and saluted them both in like Manner, saying, welcome, good Master Eyre and Mistress Eyre both; and taking her by the Hand, set her down among the Gentlemen there present.

Sir, (quoth the Lord Mayor) I understand you are a Shoemaker, and that it is you that have bought all the Goods

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Goods of the *Great Argoxy*. I am indeed, my Lord, of the *Gentle Craft*, (quoth he) and I praise God all the Goods of the *Great Argoxy* are mine own when my Debts are paid.

God give you much Joy of it, (said my Lord-Mayor) and I trust you and I shall deal for some part thereof. So the Meat being then ready to be brought in, the Guests were placed each one according to his Calling. My Lord Mayor holding *Simon* by the Hand, and the Lady Mayorefs holding his Wife, they needs would have them sit near to themselves, which they then with blushing Cheeks refusing, my Lord said to them, holding his Cap in his Hand, Master *Eyre* and Mistress *Eyre*, let me entreat you not to be troublesome, for I tell you it shall be thus; and as for these Gentlemen here present, they are all of mine own Acquaintance, and many Times we have been together; therefore I dare be the bolder with them, and now you are our Neighbours also, yet I promise you, you are Strangers to my Table, and to Strangers common Courtesy doth teach us to shew the greatest Favour, therefore let me rule you in mine own House, and you shall rule me in yours.

When *Simon* found there was no Remedy they sat down, but the poor Woman was so abashed, that she eat but little, behaving herself at the Table with a comely and modest Countenance; but what she wanted in outward Feeding, her Heart yielded to her with inward Delight and Content.

Now so it was, many Men that knew not *Simon*, and seeing him in so simple Attire sit next my Lord, whispering, asked one another what he was? and it was enough for *Simon's* Wife (with her Eyes and Ears) to see and hearken after every Thing that was said and done.

A grave wealthy Citizen sitting at the Table, spake to *Simon*, and said, Sir, in good Will I drink to your good Health, but I beseech you pardon me, for I know not how to call your Name. With that my Lord Mayor

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answered him, saying, his Name is Master Eyre, and this is that Gentleman that bought all the Goods that came in the *Black-Swan* of *Candia*, and, before God, though he sit here in simple Sort, for his Wealth I do verily believe, he is more sufficient to bear this Place than myself; this was a Man that was never thought upon, living obscure amongst us, of none Account in the Eyes of the World, carrying but the Countenance of a Shoemaker, and none of the best neither, and is able to deal for a Bargain of Five Thousand Pounds at a Clap. We do want many such Shoemakers, (said the Glazier) and so with other Discourse drove out Supper, when rising from the Table, *Simon* and his Wife receiving sundry Salutations of my Lord Mayor and his Lady, and all the rest of the worshipful Guests, departed Home, when his Wife made such a Recital of the Matters, how bravely they were entertained, what great Cheere was there, also what a great Company of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen was there, and how often they drank to her Husband and her, with divers other Circumstances, that I believe if the Night had been six Months long, 'as it is under the North Pole, they would have found Talk enough till Morning. Of a Truth, (quoth she) altho' I sat close to my Lady's Side, I could get nothing for very Joy, to hear and see that we were made so much of; and never give me Credit, Husband, if I did not hear the Officers whisper as they stood behind me, and all demanded of one another what you were, and what I was? Oh! (quoth one) do you see this Man? mark him well, and mark his Wife well, that simple Woman that sits next my Lady: What are they? What are they? (quoth another) marry, this is the rich Shoemaker that bought all the Goods in the *Great Argoxy*; I tell you there was never such a Shoemaker seen in *London*.

Now, by my Faith, (quoth the third) I have heard much Talk of him among the Merchants: Credit me, Husband, of mine Honesty, this was their Communi-

cation;

cation; nay, and do you not remember when the rich Citizen drank to you, (who craved Pardon because he knew not your Name) what my Lord Mayor said, Sir, (quoth he) his Name is Master; did you mark that? and presently, thereupon, he added these Words, This is the Gentleman that bought, and so forth: The Gentleman understood him; did you hear him speak that Word?

In troth, Wife, (quoth he) my Lord uttered many good words for me, I thank his Honour, but I heard not that. No, (quoth she) I heard it well enough: for by and by he proceeded farther, saying, I suppose though he sits here in simple Sort, he is more sufficient to bear this Place than myself: Yea, thought I, he may thank his Wife for that, if it come to pass: Nay, said *Simon*, I thank God for it: Yea, and next him you may thank me, quoth she: And it did her so much good to talk of it, that, I suppose, if she had lived till this Day, she would yet be prating thereof, if Sleep did not hinder her from it.

And now, seeing that *Simon* the Shoemaker, is become a Merchant, we will temper our Tongue, to give him the Title, which his Customers were wont to do, and from henceforth call him Master *Eyre*, who, while he had his Affairs in Hand, committed the Government of his Shop to *John* the Frenchman, leaving him to be Guide to his other Servants; by Means of which Favor *John* thought himself, at this Time, to be a Man of a small Reputation.

C H A P. XII.

How John the Frenchman fell in Love with one of his Mistress's Maids, and how he was crossed through the Craft of Haunce the Dutchman.

AT the same Time there was dwelling in the House a jolly Wench, whose Name was *Florence*, whom *John the Frenchman* loved dearly well, and for her Sake he brought many a good Bottle of Wine into the House, therewithal so soon as their Master and Mistress were gone to Bed, they would oftentimes make merry amongst themselves; which *Haunce*, a Journeyman in the same House perceiving, sought to cross him as much as in him lay, thereby to bring his own Purpose to pass, which was to join the Maid's Favour to his own Affections.

And because the *Frenchman* had the greatest Gains under his Master, and being thereof no Niggard when he had got it, the Maid did most delight in him, and little esteemed the *Dutchman*, though his good Will for her was as great as the other; for they could not be in any Corner of the House together, nor could they meet in any Place abroad, but the *Dutchman* would still watch him.

Upon a Time *Florence* being at Market, her Lover *John* went to her, and *Haunce* staid not long behind, who at length espied them, and heard his Fellow *John* questioning with her in this Sort:

What *Florence*, what have you got in your Basket? Harry, *John*, quoth she, I have bought Beef and Mutton, and other Things; come, come, must you peep in my Basket? quoth she, away for Shame, away. Be not, *Florence*, me will see a little; ha! ha! *Florence*, you buy de Pudding; ha! you love de Puddings, *Florence*; if I be your Husband, me will give you Pudding all warren. My Husband! quoth she, in Faith, Sir, no,

ne, I mean not to marry a *Frenchman*; What, *Florence*, be de good Man; but, *Florence*, me will give you a Pint of Wine, by my Throat.

Oh! I cannot stay now. I thank you, *John*. What, quoth he, *Florence* no stay with your Friend; I shall make you stay a little Time: And so with that, taking her by the Hand, into the Tavern they go; and *Hauunce* the *Dutchman* following them, sat closely in the next Room, and by that Means heard all that they said, and that they appointed the next *Sunday* to go to *Islington* to be merry; and so the Maid hasting away, they departed.

Well, quoth *Hauunce*, secretly to himself, is shall go hard but I will disappoint you. *Sunday* in the Afternoon being come, *John* the *Frenchman*, according to his Appointment, went before to *Islington*, leaving *Florence* to come after, with another Maid which dwelt in the same House, whilst he prepared good Cheer for their coming, and, the more to make them merry, he hired a Company of Musicians to attend them.

And, as it after happened, his Fellow *Hauunce* pre-vented this Sport, who watching in the Fields for *Florence*, at length he espied her coming, to whom he said; well met, fair *Florence*, your Friend *John* hath changed his Mind; for whereas he appointed you to meet him at *Islington*, you shall lose your Labour so to do, for he is not there. No? how so? said *Florence*. The Reason is, said *Hauunce*, so far as I can understand by him, he thinks you are very fickle and unconstant; and because it was his Chance this Morning to see you speak to a young man that passed by, he saith verily, you are a great Dissembler, and in this Humour he is gone I know not whither.

And is it even so? said *Florence*; I'll tell thee what, *Hauunce*, because he hath made thee privy to his Mind, I will shew thee somewhat of mine: Doth he suspect me, because I did but speak to one? Nay, if he be jealous now, what will he be hereafter? And therefore inasmuch as it is so, let him go to the Devil; he shall very well find

find that I will set as light by him as he doth by me. Did the Knave get Leave of my Mistress for me to come abroad this Day, and doth he now serve me thus? Well, this shall teach me Wis in Faith; and so she turns back again.

Nay, quoth *Haunce*, seeing now you are abroad, let me entreat you to go to *Hogsdon*, and I will bestow a Mess of Cream on you. In the End she was won, and as they walked together, *Haunce* spoke thus unto her: I know not what Cause *John* the Frenchman hath given you to bear him so good Will, as I perceive you do; but, in my Mind, he is a far unfit Match for you; and thus much I know, he is of a very mistrustful Nature, a wavering Mind, and a deceitful Heart. He did profess great good Will to you in outward Shew, but I have heard him speak most shamefully of you behind your Back, making his Vaunts that he had you at the Beck of his Finger, and how that, for a Pint of Wine, he could cause you to follow him all over the City: *Florence*, I am a Fool to tell you thus much, it may be you will scarce believe it, and, for my Part, I will not urge you thereto; but in Troth, look what I tell you, it is for good Will, because I have been sorry to see you so abused.

I thank you, good *Haunce*, quoth she, I may believe it well enough, but henceforth I know what I have to do: I confess, indeed, I have drank with him abroad, but it was at his own earnest Entreaty, neither could I ever be at quiet for him; he doth follow me up and down in every Place, but since I know his Dissimulation to be such, if I do not requite him in his Kind, trust me no more; and now I am heartily sorry I was so foolish as to follow him this Day, at his Appointment; but seeing he hath served me thus, he shall not know of my coming out of Doors, and therefore, good *Haunce*, do not tell him you met me this Day in the Fields.

Now, in Faith, *Florence*, I will not only be secret to thee, but will also from henceforth acquaint thee with

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his Proceedings. And having eat their Cream, *Haunce* brought her some Part of the Way Home; and, taking his Leave of her, went back to see if he could meet with *John* the Frenchman, who having staid at *Issington* for *Florence* till almost Night, and, not coming, he and the Musicians were fain to eat the Meat without more Company, which made *John* the Frenchman swear like a Turk.

And as he was coming over the Fields fretting, who should he meet with but *Haunce* the Dutchman, who said to him, What, *John*, who thought to meet you here? Here thou seest I am now, said *John*; but when came you from Home? Marry, but even now, quoth *Haunce*. And who is at Home? said *John*; the other answered, there was nobody but their Mistress and the Maid *Florence*, with the rest of the Household. Is *Florence* at Home? quoth *John*; the Devil take her for me, she hath made a right Fool of me indeed. How so? quoth *Haunce*: Then the other, in a great Chafe, said, be Got shall be revenged, *Florence* put on me too much, too much; she makes me believe she love me, and me think so too, and be Got she make me a Jack Fool. When *Haunce* heard him say so, he said, alas! good *John*, she love thee! if you think so you are greatly deceived, for she is the scoffingest Quean in *London*, and I have heard her behind your Back to mock and flout, saying, Doth shitten *John* think that I will marry him? In faith, Sir, no. When the Frenchman heard this, he stamp't like a Madman, and bit his Thumb, saying, Morbleau, me shall be revenged, be Got; shitten *John*, call shitten *John*, ha? A deput in corroyn, a me shant, shitten *John*, no better Name but a shitten *John*? It is as I tell you, quoth *Haunce*, and moreover she said, she scorned to come after you to *Issington*, saying, she would see you hanged first. Well, be no Matter, she no love me, me no love she, but me shall go Home, me shall, and beat her like a Stock-fish. Nay, do not so, saith *Haunce*, but let her alone, for it is no Credit for you to beat a Woman, and

besides that, if you should, our Master would turn you out of Doors, therefore be quiet awhile, and be secret in that I have told you, then shall you see how she useth thee.

In this Humour they departed; at what Time *John*, full of Melancholy, stood frowning by the Fire-side, and as the Maid went up and down the House about her Business, he cast looks upon her as fierce as a Panther; but she, by Reason of the *Dutchman's* Tale to her, shews herself as scornful as he was churlish, and not once cast her Eye toward him; and thus they drove on the Time for a Seven-night or Fortnight; for which Time we shall leave them, and proceed to shew in

C H A P. XIII.

How Master Eyre was called upon to be Sheriff of London, and how he held his Place with Worship.

IN this Space Master *Eyre* following his Business, had sold so much of his Merchandize, as paid the *Grecian's* whole Money, and had resting to himself three Times as much as he had sold, wherefore he trusted some to one Alderman, and some to another, and a great Deal among substantial Merchants; and for some had much ready Money, which he employed in divers Merchandizes, and became Adventurer at Sea, having, by God's Blessing, many prosperous Voyages, so that his Riches daily encreased.

It chanced upon a Time, that being in his Study, casting up his Accompts, he found himself to be clearly worth twelve or thirteen thousand Pounds, which he finding to be so, called his Wife to him, and

The last Day I did cast up my Accompts, and I find that almighty God of his Goodness hath left me thirteen thousand Pounds, to maintain us in our old Age, for which

which his gracious Goodness towards us, let us with our whole Hearts give his glorious Majesty eternal Praise, and therewithal pray unto him, that we may to dispose thereof, as may be to his Honour, and the Comfort of his poor Members on Earth, and above our Neighbours we may not be puffed up with Pride, that while we think on our Wealth, we forget not God that sent it us; for it hath been an old Saying of a wise Man, That Abundance groweth from Riches, and Disdain out of Abundance; of which God give us Grace to take Heed, and grant us a contented Mind.

So soon as he had spoken this, he heard one lastly knocking at the Door, whereupon he sent Florence to see who it was; the Maiden coming again, told her Master it was one of my Lord Mayor's Officers that would speak with him. The Officer being permitted to come in, after due Reverence, he said, Sir, it hath pleased my Lord Mayor, with the worshipful Aldermen his Brethren, with the Council of the whole Commonalty of the honourable City, to chuse your Worship Sheriff of London this Day, and have sent me to desire you to come and certify your Mind therein, whether you be contented to hold the Place or no.

Master Eyre hearing this, answered, he would come to his Honour and their Worships incontinent, and resolve them what he was minded to do; and so the Officer departed.

His Wife (who all this while listened to their Talk) hearing how the Case stood, with a joyful Countenance meeting her Husband, taking him about the Neck, with a loving Kiss, said, Master Sheriff, God send you joy of thy Name and Place. O Wife, quoth he, my Person is far unworthy of that Place, and the Name far exceeds my Degree.

What, content yourself, good Husband, quoth she, and disable not yourself in such Sort, but be thankful to God for what you have, and do not spurn at such Promotion as God sendeth you. The Lord be praised for

look to it Husband. Go get you in, quoth he, about your Business; and so away he went.

So soon as he was gone out of Sight, his Wife sent one of his Men after him to *Guildhall*, to hearken and hear whether he held Place or no; and if he do, bring me Word with all possible Speed.

I will, Mistress, quoth the Man.

Now when Mr. *Eyre* came to *Guildhall*, the Lord Mayor and his Brethren bid him heartily welcome, saying, Sir, the Commonalty of the City having a good Opinion of you, have chosen you for one of the Sheriffs for this Year, not doubting but to find you a fit Man for the Place.

My good Lord, quoth he, I humbly thank the City for their Courtesy and Kindness, and would to God my Wealth were answerable to my good Will, and my Ability were able to bear it; but I find myself insufficient: I most humbly desire a Year's Respite more, and Pardon for this present.

At these Words, a grave Commoner of the City standing up, with due Reverence, spake thus unto the Mayor: My good Lord, this is but a slender Excuse for Mr. *Eyre* to make, for I have often heard him say, and so hath divers others also, that he hath a Table in his House, whereon he breaks his Fast every Day, that he will not part with for a thousand Pounds; wherefore, under your Lordship's Correction, in my simple Judgment, I think he that is able to spare a thousand Pounds in such a dead Commodity, is very sufficient to be Sheriff of *London*. See you now, quoth my Lord, I muse Mr. *Eyre*, that you would have made so lame an Excuse before us, as to make Exception at your own Wealth, which is apparently proved sufficient. You must know, Mr. *Eyre*, that the Commons of *London* have searching Eyes, and seldom they are deceived in their Opinion, and therefore look what is done, you must stand to it.

I beseech you, my Lord, quoth Mr. *Eyre*, give me Leave to speak one Word: Let it be granted that I will

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not give my Table, whereon I break my Fast, for a Thousand Pounds, that is no Consequence to prove it is worth so much, my Fancy to the Thing is all; for doubtless no Man here would give me a Thousand Shillings for it when they see it. All is one for that, quoth my Lord Mayor, yet I dare give you as much Wine as you will spend this Year in your Sheriffsalty to let me have it. My good Lord, quoth he, on that Condition I will hold my Place, and rest no longer troublesome to this Company. You must hold, said my Lord, without any Condition or Exceptions at all in this Matter, and so they ended.

The Assembly being then broken up, the Voice went, Mr. Eyre is Sheriff, Mr. Eyre is Sheriff: Whereupon the Fellow that Mrs. Eyre sent to observe how Things went, ran in all Haste, and with leaping and rejoicing, said, Mistress, God give you Joy, for you are now a Gendewoman: What, quoth she, tell me Sir Sauce, is thy Master Sheriff or no? and doth he hold his Place? Yea, Mistress, he holds his Place now, as fast as the Sunup doth the Shoe while we sow it. Why then, quoth she, I have my Heart's Desire, and that I so long looked for; and so away she went.

Within a while after came her Husband, and with him one of the Aldermen, and a couple of wealthy Commoners; one of them was he that gave such great Commendation of the Table; and coming to his Door, he said, you are welcome good Master Sheriff. Nay, I pray you come in and drink before you go.

Then said he, Wife, bring me forth a Pasty of Venison, and set me here my little Table, that these Gentlemen may eat a Bit with me before they go. His Wife, who had been often used to this Term, excused this Matter, saying, the little Table! Good Lord, Husband, I do wonder what you will do with the little Table now, knowing that is used already: I pray you good Husband content yourself, and sit at the great Table this once. Then she whisper'd him in the Ear, saying,

saying, What! Man, shall we shame ourselves? What Shame, quoth he! tell me not of Shame, but do as thou art bidden; for we are but three or four of us, then what need we trouble the great Table: Truly, answer'd she, the little Table is not ready now, good Husband let it alone.

Trost me, we are troublesome Guests, said the Alderman, but yet we would fain see your little Table, because it is said to be of such a Price. Yea, and it is my Mind you shall, quoth Master Eyre; therefore he called his Wife again, saying, good Wife dispatch, and prepare the little Table; for these Gentlemen would fain have a View of it.

Whereupon his Wife seeing him so earnest, according to her usual Manner, came in, and setting herself down on a low Stool, laid a fair Naphin over her Knives, and set the Platter with the Pasty of Venison thereupon; and presently a Chair was brought for Master Alderman, and a couple of low Stools for the Two Commoners, which they beholding, with a sudden and hearty Laughter, said, Why Master Sheriff, is this the Table you hold so dear? Yea, truly quoth he: Now verily, quoth they, you herein have utterly deceived our Expectations, Even so did you mine quoth he, in making me Sheriff? but you are all right welcome, and I tell you true, had I not thought wondrous well of you, you had not seen my Table now. And I think, did my Lord Mayor see it as you do, he would repent his Bargain so hastily made. Notwithstanding, I account my Table never the worse: Nor have you any Cause, quoth they; and so after much pleasant Talk they departed, spreading the Fame of Master Sheriff's Table over the Whole City.

But you must now imagine that a Thousand Cares encumbered the Sheriff, in providing all Things necessary to his Office: At which Time he put off his Shoemaker's Shop to one of his Men; and set up at the same Time the Sign of the black Swan swimming upon the Sea, in Remembrance of that Ship, that first

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lid bring him Wealth: And before that Time, the
sign of the black Swan was never seen or drawn in any
Place in or about the City of London.

C H A P. XIV.

*How Haunce having circumvented John the French-
man's Love, was by him and others finely deceived
at the Garden.*

NOW at that Time John the Frenchman and fair
Florence were both at Variance, as you heard be-
fore by the Dutchman's Dealings, by which Subtily he
sought Means to win Favour by himself; which John
the Frenchman perceived, and therefore went about not
only to prevent him, but to take Revenge on him for
his Deceitfulness; and meeting Florence, as she went
into the Garden for Flowers, he began to talk thus
unto her:

What, Florence, you go to the Garden? And how then,
quoth she, what have you to say to that? Me see no-
thing, but you be discontent: you no speak a me; you
no look a me; nor you no drink wid me, nor nothing:
Ah, Florence! how chance dat?

Go get thee hence, prattling Fool, quoth she, I drick
with thee! thou shalt be Py-peckt first. Py-peckt!
What be Py-peckt? a hea; be Got Florence you make me
a Jack-a-nape, you mock a me, and call me shitten John;
and you be so proud because Haunce love you, dat shall
be marvel; but if you call me shitten John any more,
on my! say shall not put up, shall not take at your
Hands.

Who told you that I called you shitten John? quoth
Florence, I never called you so: No Florence; you no
call a me shitten John, also me shant Villain? poldad
Haunce tell a me so. I never said so, quoth Florence:
But Haunce told me that you make your Boast that I was
at a Back of your Finger; and that you would make me
follow

follow you up and down the whole City for a Pint of Wine: No, I would have you to know, I will not follow a better Man than you. O my set *Florence*, me never said so. No; yes, quoth she, but you did. I can tell you by a good Token: For that very Time that I should have met you at *Islington* you said it, and made me a Fool to come over the Fields to you; and when all come to all, you sent *Hauce* to tell that you were gone thence long ago.

Abeer Token *Hauce*, quoth *John*, be des ten bon, tis true, for me tarry dere more then one, two, tree Hours, and had provided Shapon, de Rabbit, de Cream, de Pudding-pye, and twenty Dings more: Well, how ever it was, I am sure I was made an Ass betwixt you, and for that I will beware how I shew Kindness again to any. Therefore *John* pay be gone, and seek some other Company, for you shall not go with me. No, said *John*, well den adieu *Florence*.

Now you must know, *Hauce* had promised *Florence* to meet her in the Garden, and bring a Bottle of Wine, and there, in the Presence of a Maid or two more, to make themselves sure together; and she for that Purpose had carried with her the Corner of a Venison Pasty. But there was an *English* Journeyman in the House, called *Nicholas*, that understood thereof, who meeting with *John* the *Frenchman*, made him Privy thereto, saying, trust me *John*, if thou wilt be ruled by me, we will not only disappooint this Match, but also with their good Cheer make ourselves merry. *John*, who was glad to do the *Dutchman* an Injury, consented to follow *Nicholas*'s Counsel in any Thing.

Then, quoth *Nicholas* it shall be thus: I will go to the Garden, and stay for *Hauce*'s coming with the Wine, and in the mean Time hide thyself under one of the Hedges of the Garden on the other Side, and take a couple of Pots, and let one be empty and the other filled with Water; and when *Hauce* is come into the Garden with his Bottle of Wine, I'll observe where he sets it down, and then

then I will find Means (while they are busy in toying and talking) to convey the Bottle of Wine thro' the Hedge to thee, and likewise the Venison: Then emptying the Bottle, fill it with Water, and thrusting it through the Hedge again, it shall be set where it was first found; which being done, thou shalt hastily rap at the Door, at what Time they shall be told that it is our Master or Mistress; which they hearing will be in Amaze, not knowing what to do, especially for the conveying away of *Hauuce*: Now, when you knocked twice or thrice, and that you hear nobody come to the Door, get you away, and stay for me at the Rose at *Barkin*, and there we will drink up their Wine and eat up their Venison: and this being done, we will laugh at them.

Truly, *Nicholas*, quoth *John the Frenchman*, this will be brave: And thereupon they prepared themselves to do the Feat. *Nicholas* therefore got him into the Garden, and by and by after comes *Hauuce* with the Bottle of Wine, who knocking at the Garden Door, was soon let in, but seeing *Nicholas* there, he secretly set his Bottle in a Corner: But *Nick*, who had as searching Eyes as *Argus*, in his Business, quickly did as he had determined; and instead of Wine, set the Bottle down again, where he had found it, full of Water.

Then comes *John* and lustily knocks at the Door: there is my Master and Mistress quoth *Nicholas*. Alas! quoth she, get you over the Hedge. Shall I open the Door, quoth *Nick*? O no, said *Florence*, not yet good *Nick*. With that he knocked more hastily: Anon, quoth he: Hence *Hauuce*; go to the Door good *Nick*. Who is there, quoth he? and with that opening the Door, he found, just nobody. Truly *Florence*, said he, they are gone whosoever they were. God be with you I can stay no longer.

When he had departed, the Maids wished that *Hauuce* had been there again. Alas! poor Fellow, quoth they, he is gone and left the Bottle behind him. Marry, I am glad it is no worse, quoth *Florence*; and now that the
Wine

Wine is here, we will drink it for his Sake, and I have here a Morfel of Venifon that will give it a good Relish, and so looking for it, she found the Cloth but the Meat was gone. Now a Vengeance on it, quoth she, some scurvy Cur or other hath got into the Garden and took away the Meat.

Alas! What ill Luck is that, quoth the Maid, a Murrain on that Cur that got it, but seeing it is gone, farewell it. Well, said *Florence*, here is the Wine yet; I know it is excellent good, for he told me he would bring me a Bottle of the best Rhenish Wine that could be bought in *London*, and I am certain he is as good as his Word: But believe me *Joan*, he is kind-hearted, and as loving a Fellow as ever professed Love to any. I assure you that here is a Cup of Wine that the King may drink thereof; but how shall we do for a Glass? We will drink it out of the Bottle said *Joan*. Not so, quoth *Florence*, I do love to see what I drink, and therefore I'll borrow a Glass at the next House; and while she goes for a Glass, said *Joan* to herself, I'll have a Taste of it before she returns again: Then setting her Hand to the Bottle, and the Bottle unto her Mouth, she drank a good Draught; and finding it to be something thin in the going down, she said to *Bess* that sat by, credit me now, but for the Name of Wine, I have drank as good Water.

It is Rhenish Wine, quoth *Bess*, that is never strong. It might be made of Rain well enough, quoth *Joan*. At which Words *Florence* entered with a Glass, and pouring out into the Glass, she extolled the Colour, saying, see what a brave Colour it hath, it is as clear, I do assure you, as Rock Water; and therewithal drinking it off, she said, it drinks very dead of a Truth; quoth she, this is but bad Wine, it is even as dead, as a Dead nail; and so filling the Glass again, she gave it unto *Bess*; she tasting thereof, said, Passion of me, this is plain Water. Water! said *Joan*, is it Water? Let me taste it once again; by my Maidenhead it is Water indeed, quoth

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quoth she, Water! said *Florence*, you have played the Drabs in drinking out the Wine, and filling the Bottle again with Water. Of my Faith, quoth *Joan*, you say not true in so saying; I would have you to understand, we played not the Drabs in any such Sort, but *Haunce* rather played the Knave, that brought us Water instead of Wine. Nay, quoth *Florence*, I dare swear for him, that he would not serve you so, for all the Wealth my Master is worth; and I am perswaded that it was nobody but yourselves that did it; but in Faith you might have dealt so with another, and not with me. Nay then, quoth they, you need not serve us so, to cause us to drink Water instead of Wine, and we would you should think, that although you be Master Sheriff's Maid, we do love our Mouths as you do your's for your Life, and it was but a homely Recompence for our good Will, I tell you true; neither do we care how little we come to be thus deluded. Go to, go to, quoth *Florence*, you are like *Penelope's* Puppy, that doth bite and whine; I know you well enough. Know us! quoth *Joan*; what do you know by us? We defy you for any Thing you can say by us: Know us! nay, it were well if thou didst know thyself: And hearest thou, though thou hast thy Companions to meet thee at thy Pleasure, and we have not, no, know us: We are known to be as honest as thou art, or else we should be sorry; and so they departed in a Chase.

Now *John* the Frenchman and *Nicholas* having eat the Venison, and drank up the Wine, came back again Time enough to hear all this Strife, whereat they greatly rejoiced; but so soon as *Florence* did meet with *Haunce* again, she kept no small Stir for mocking her with a Bottle of Water, about the which they fell at Variance in such Sort, that they were not Friends for a long Time after.

: But during the Time that *Haunce* was out of Favour, *Nicholas* sought the Maid's Friendship by all the Means he might, but in vain were his Pains spent therein; for
although

although *Florence* seemed outwardly much displeased, yet *Haunce* had her Heart still, and in Process of Time, obtained great Favour, the Matter being grown so forward, that the Performance of their Marriage was forthwith appointed, which they intended should be celebrated at the Abbey of *Grace on Tower-Hill*. Notwithstanding this Matter was not kept so close, but that their secret Dealings were known, and *Nicholas* purposing to deceive the *Dutchman*, made *John the Frenchman* privy thereunto, saying, *John*, it is so, that this Night at Midnight Mass, *Florence* and *Haunce* do intend secretly to be married, and they have appointed the Friar to do it, as soon as the Tapers are all put out, because they will not be seen of any; therefore, *John*, if you will be my Friend, I doubt not but to marry her myself, and so to give the *Dutchman* the Slampam, and bore him through the Nose with a Cushion. Ha! quoth *John*, be God shall do as you sea; and therefore, *Nicholas*, tell me what you do. Marry, *John*, quoth he, you know the *Dutchman* loveth to drink well, and by that he loveth, we will cause him to lose his Love; for we will get him out to the Tavern, and there cause him to be disguised, that he shall be neither able to stand nor go. *John the Frenchman* hearing this, scratching his Head, and rubbing his Elbow, said, May Foy, *Nicholas*, dis be de fine Tricks, how shall we get him forth? Excellent well, quoth *Nicholas*, for there is a new Journeyman come to Town with St. *Hugh's* Bones at his Back, and you know that he being of the Gentle-Craft, must go to give him welcome; and I will tell *Haunce* thereof, who being very jocund, by Reason his Marriage is so near, will not deny to come I know; therefore you and the strange Journeyman shall go before to the Tavern, and then I will go fetch him. Absene, content, content, said *John*.

And so to the Tavern he hasted with the strange Man. Anon came *Nicholas* and *Haunce*, and with them two or three Journeymen more, and all to the new Journeyman; sitting

Sitting down, they got *Haunce* in the midst, called for Wine lustily, and such Varieties, as the *Dutchman* was soon sent packing, for every one sought to overcharge him; and being himself of a good Kind to take his Liquor, spared not to pledge every Man. At which Time, in the midst of his Cups, being well whittled, his Tongue ran at Random; (as Wine is the Betrayer of Secrets) so it proved by him, for there he opened to his Companions all his Mind, saying, my Hearts, for all I sit here, I must be a married Man e'er the Morning. God give you Joy, quoth they: But who shall you marry? quoth *Nick*, *Florence*? Yea, *Florence*, said the *Dutchman*, that is the Lass that I do love, and all the World cannot deceive me now, I am the Man that must have her Maidenhead, and this Night we must be married at the Abbey of *Grace*, and, if you be good Fellows, go with me to Church; will you go with me? We will gad with thee, said *John* the *Frenchman*, that we will. O *John*, said *Haunce*, I have wiped your Nose and *Nick*'s too, you must wear the Willow Garland. Well, what Remedy, quoth they, it is the better for you; but, in Faith, *Haunce*, seeing it is so, quoth *Nick*, we will have one Bottle of Wine more, that we may drink to the Health of your Bride. I'll pledge her, if it be a Gallon, quoth *Haunce*. By my Fet and Trot, said *John*, we'll have a Gallon: Here, Drawer, where be you? I pray you bring me a Gallon of de best Claret, and a Gallon of de best Sack; shall make merry, I set: What *Florence* be marry, and I not know. But by this Time that this Wine was drank, *Haunce* was laid up for walking any more that Night. When *Nick* perceived that, he stole suddenly out of the Tavern, and went to meet *Florence* at the appointed Place; but *John* quickly missing him, knew straight whereabouts he went, and got him presently to the Constable of the Postern Gate, and told him that *Nick* had laid a Man for dead in *Tower-Street*, and that he was gone to save himself under the Privilege of the Abbey of *Grace*; but, quoth he, if

you

you will go along. I shall bring him out with fair Words
unto you, and then I desire you to clap him up to an-
swer this Matter in the Morning. But where dwell you?
said the Constable. I do dwell with Master Alderman
Eyre, quoth *John*, and there you may have me at all
Times. The Constable did as *John* bad him, and com-
mitted *Nicholas* to Prison. In the mean Space *Florence*,
and an old Woman of *Tower-Street*, said, they did go
to a Women's Labour, and by that Means they passed
along by the Watch, and to the Abbey of *Grace* they
came: They had not long been there, but that *John* the
Frenchman meeting them, said, *Florence*, well met, here
is a fit Place to finish what I have a long Time looked
for. *John*, quoth she, thou art like an evil Spirit, that
must be conjured out, before a Body shall get any Qui-
etness; urge me not upon any such Matters, for you be
not the Man I look for, and therefore taking as
little Pleasure in your Presence, as of your Proffers,
I would be very glad to see your Back. What, said *John*,
have you no Compassion on a poor Man, you are hard-
hearted indeed. But as he was uttering these Speeches,
it was his Wife's Chance to hear his Tongue, being new-
ly come from *Billingsgate*, and at that Time going to-
wards *St. Catherine's*, to see if she could meet with some
of her Connery Folks, that could tell her any Tidings
of her Husband; but, as I said, hearing his Tongue,
and knowing him by his Speech, she said, What *John*
Denevale! my Husband! *John Denevale!* what make
you wed pretty Wench, ha? At these Words *John* was
struck into such a Dump, that wist not what to say; not-
withstanding, hearing *Florence* to ask if she was his Wife,
he answered, and said, yea. O thou dissembling Fel-
low, quoth she, is it even so? Didst thou not say thou
wast a Batchelor, seeking to marry me, and hast a Wife
alive? Now fie on thee: O good Lord, how was I blest
to escape him! Nay, now I see that *Hauunce* may have
a Wife in *Flanders*, although he be here, and therefore,
by the Grace of God, I will not marry a Stranger. Oh,
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quoth

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quoth *John*, I thought my Wife had been dead, but seeing she is alive, I will not lose her for twenty thousand Crowns. So *Florence* departed, and left *John* with his Wife.

Now *Hauce* never waking until it was next Day Noon, when he saw he had over-slept himself: being very sorry, he went Home, not knowing how to excuse his Folly to *Florence*; whom she utterly forsook, as well in Regard of his Drunkenness, as for that, being a Stranger, he might (like *John* the Frenchman) have another Wife living. But *Nicholas* (that all this while lay in Prison) being brought before Alderman *Eyre*, rehearsed the Truth, and craving Pardon for his Offence, was without any more ado delivered; and *Florence* being called before him, he made up the Match between her and his Man *Nicholas*, marrying them out of his own House with Credit; giving them a good Stock to begin the World withal: Also for *John* the Frenchman did very much, and shewed himself a good Master to his Man *Hauce*, and to all the rest of his Servants.

CHAP. XV.

How Master Alderman Eyre was chosen Lord Mayor of London; and how he feasted the Apprentices on Shrove-Tuesday.

WITHIN a-while, Alderman Eyre being chosen Lord Mayor of London, changing his Copy, he became one of the worshipful Company of Drapers, and for this Year he kept a most bountiful House. At this Time it came into his Mind what a Promise once he made to the Apprentices, being at a Breakfast with them at their going to the Conduit; speaking to his Lady in this Wise? Good Lord, quoth he, what a Change have we had within these thirty Years; and how greatly hath the Lord blessed us since that; blessed be his Name for it.

I do remember, when I was a young Apprentice, what a Match I did make upon a *Shrove-Tuesday* Morning, being at the Conduit among other of my Companions; trust me Wife, quoth he, it is worth the hearing, and I'll tell thee how it fell out.

After we had filled our Tankards with Water, there was some would needs have me set down my Tankard, and go with them to Breakfast. (as many Times before I had done) to which I consented, and it was to a Breakfast of Pudding-pies, I shall never forget it; but to make short, when the Shot came to be paid, each one drew out his Money, but I had not one Penny in my Purse, and Credit I had none in the Place; which when I beheld, being ashamed, I said, well, my Master, do you give me my Breakfast this Time, and, in Requital thereof, if ever I be Lord Mayor of London, I'll bestow a Breakfast on all the Prentices of this City. These were the Words, little thinking (God wot) that ever it should come to pass; but such was the great Goodness of

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our God, who setteth up the humble, and pulleth down the proud, to bring whom he pleaseth to the Seat of Honour; for as the Scripture witnesseth, Promotion cometh neither from the East nor from the West, but from him who is the Giver of all good Things, the mighty Lord of Heaven and Earth.

Wherefore, Wife, seeing God hath bestowed that upon me that I never looked for, it is reasonable that I should perform my Promise, and being able now, I'll pay that which then I was not able to do; for I would not have Men say, that I am like the *Ebon Tree*, that neither bears Leaves nor Fruit; wherefore, Wife, seeing that *Shrove-Tuesday* is so near at Hand, I will upon that Day fulfil my Promise, which upon that Day I made. Truly, my Lord, quoth she, I will be right willing thereto. Then answered my Lord, as thou lovest me, let them want neither Pudding-pies nor Pancakes, and look what other good Chear is to be had, I will refer all Things to your Discretion.

Hereupon great Provision was made for the 'Prentices Breakfast, and *Shrove-Tuesday* being come, the Lord Mayor sent Word to the Aldermen, that in their several Wards they should signify his Mind to the Citizens, to crave their Favours, that their 'Prentices might come to his House to Breakfast, and that, for his Sake, they might play all Day after.

Hereupon it is ordered, that upon the Ringing of a Bell in every Parish, the 'Prentices should leave Work, and shut up their Shops for that Day; which being ever since yearly observed, is called the Pancake-Bell. The 'Prentices being all assembled, my Lord Mayor's House was not able to hold them, they were such a Multitude; so that besides the great Hall, all the Gardens were set with Tables and in the Back-side Tables were set, and every other Place was also furnished, so that at length they were all placed; and while Meat was brought in, to delight their Ears as well as to feed their Bodies,

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and to drown the Noise of their Prattling, Drums and Trumpets were pleasantly sounded; that being ended, the Waits of the City, with divers other Sorts of Musick, played.

After the first Service, were all the Tables furnished with Pudding-pies and Pancakes in a very plentiful Manner, and the rest that remained was given to the Poqr. Wine and Ale in a very great Measure they had given; insomuch that they had no Lack, nor Excess, to cause them to be disordered; and in the midst of their Merriment, the Lord Mayor in his scarlet Gown, and the Lady in like Manner, went in among them, bidding them all heartily welcome, saying unto them, that his Promise so long made, he had at length performed. At that Time they in Token of Thankfulness, flung up their Caps, giving a great Shout; and innocently all quietly departed.

Then after this Year, Sir Simon Eyre built *Leaden-Hall*, appointing that in the midst thereof there should be a Market-place every Monday for Leather, where the Shoemakers of *London*, for their more Ease, might buy of the Tanners without looking any farther: And so in the End, this worthy Man ended his Life in the City of *London* with great Honour.

A NEW LOVE-DIALOGUE.

Between a YOUNG LADY and a SHOEMAKER.

L A D Y.

ALL hail sweet Youth, fair *Venus* Craft,
Chief Master of the *Gentle* Craft,
How comely seem'st thou in my Sight?
Like *Phebus* in the Heavens bright,
That never was in *Cupid's* Pound,
Or from his Shaft receiv'd a Wound,
Thy Mind with Mirth it doth appear,
And so thy Love is free from Grief and Care.

SHOEMAKER.

Fair Maid, you speak no more than Truth,
For why? the Freedom of my Youth
I value at too dear a Rate,
To lick myself with any Mate;
There is no Comfort on the Earth,
Compared to a free-born Mirth;
When fairest Beauties me o'erthwart,
I look the better to my Heart.

When beauteous Nymphs do me surprize,
I shut the Casements of my Eyes,
For he's a fond and foolish Elf,
That loves a Maid, losing himself:
To fall in Love is such a Thing,
From whence sometimes does Mischief spring;
I wish well unto Womankind.
But for to wed I have no Mind.

L A D Y.

L A D Y.

What if your Casements chance to open,
And give Affection so much scope,
As to encounter with a Dame?
Why then methinks it were a shame
For you to love and not to speak,
And by degrees the Ice to break;
But if you speak, and so obtain,
Then have you found your Heart again.

It were a Shame for Maids to woo,
But Men may speak, and so may you,
If that Occasion offered be;
God Cupid's blind, and cannot see,
But shoots at random here and there;
O therefore, *Edmund*, have a Care,
At unawares you may be hit,
No Policy can hinder it,

But oh, unhappy Woman-kind,
That toxicated are in Mind,
And know not how to vent the same,
Without the Loss of your good Name;
They count us bold, if now and then
We do but look upon a Man:
And look we may, but dare not speak,
Much less our Mind unto them break.

SHOEMAKER.

Would I were worthy for to know
The Cause of this your Grief and Woe;
For why your Words and Looks declare
Your Mind is overcharg'd with Care;
If that your Heart be fled away,
And it be taken for a Stray;
The Man that hath it I'll perswade
To take some Pity on a Maid.

This young Man struck this fair Maid mute,
 She wanted one to plead her Suit;
 Fain would she speak, but was afraid,
 This is the Case of many a Maid;
 He was the Man whom she lov'd best,
 Her Heart did lodge within his Breast;
 Although to him it was unknown,
 Until at last he lost his own.

Cupid the God of Love came down,
 And on this young Man cast a Frown;
 He bent his Bow, and sent a Dart,
 That struck the young Man to the Heart;
 And 'cause the Maid should win the Prize,
 He open'd the Shoemaker's Eyes;
 So when her Beauty he beheld,
 He gladly yielded up the Field.

With folded Arms along he walk'd,
 And thus unto himself he talk'd:
 Oh what are we that vainly trust
 In our weak Strength, that are but Dust!
 I durst have sworn no living Wight
 Could move me from my chief Delight;
 But now I see and feel the Smart,
 Mine Eyes too soon deceive my Heart.

He that before was grown so stout,
 And strong enough to keep Love out,
 Is vanquish'd now, and made to yield;
 And did both win and lose the Field;
 He conquer'd her, to him unknown,
 She conquer'd him, made him her own.
 Thus Maids with Men are dallying still,
 Till they have brought them to their Will.

Alas!

Alas! quoth he, how am I cross'd!
Beholding her, myself I've lost;
Now Beauty is become a Snare,
The which hath brought me to Despair;
If she no other Man had lov'd,
I might have hop'd she might be mov'd;
But she another doth affect,
And I must die without Respect.

She noting of his Passion then,
As Maids will do that love young Men,
And finding the Occasion fit,
(Mark here a wily Wenches Wit;
Delays prove dangerous she knew,
And many Maids have found it true:)
Thus in herself resolved to speak,
She unto him her Mind did break.

Quoth she, young Man, it is your Lot,
The God of Love hath laid a Plot;
The Net is spread, the Bird is caught,
And I have found the Thing I sought:
Tho' Men are strong, and Women weak,
Soft Hearts will yield before they'll break,
And Women sometimes win the Field,
When Men are willing for to yield.

With that, the Nymphs and rural Swains
Came straightway tripping o'er the Plains;
The Satyrs made them Pipes of Reeds,
And brought in Musick more than need:
The Syrens sang such Songs of Mirth,
That brought King Oberon from the Earth;
The Fairies with the Fairy King,
Did dance about them in a Ring.

CHORUS.

CHORUS

All Health and Happiness betide
The Shoemaker and his sweet Bride,
Lo, thus we Sing, and thus we Dance,
Till we have brought Love in a Trance;
Thus Pleasures sweet this Couple grace,
Both linked in a sweet Embrace,
The Neighbouring Hills and Dales rebound,
With Echo of our pleasant Sound.

Whilst thus they sung their Roundelays,
God Cupid Crown'd their Heads with Bays;
The Bride look'd like the Queen of May,
The Shoemaker led her away;
Where now they live in quiet peace,
And Love doth more and more encrease.
Thus Love you see can find a way,
To make both Men and Maids obey.

*A Shoe-maker's Widow's Question to her Man whom she
fell in Love with.*

THESE three Years, John, I have been deep in
And ne'er till now had Time my Mind to move!
Speak; Canst thou love me? tho' I am thy Dame,
I would not have thee daunted, Fie for Shame;
Old Proverb, Spare to speak, and spare to speed;
Thou want'st a Wife, and I a Husband need.

His ANSWER.

MISTRESS, I am in Love, as well, 'tis true,
But to speak Truth, in Truth I love not you;
I have a Maid in Chace, as sweet a Lass,
In my Conceit, I think, as ever was;

Pray then forbear, it never shall be said,
I took a Widow, and forsook a Maid.

Reader, Observe what's written by the Poet,
Widows and Maids love Men, tho' few do show it.

C H A P. XVI.

Of the Green King of St. Martin's, and his Merry Feats.

THERE dwelt in St. Martin's a jolly Shoemaker;
he was commonly called the *Green King*, for that
upon a Time he shewed himself before King Henry,
with all his Men attending on him clothed in green
Sattin.

This *Green King* was very humorous, and of small
Stature, but most valiant and courageous, and used the
Fencing School; and when he went abroad, he always
carried a two-handed Sword on his Shoulder or under
his Arm: He kept continually thirty or forty Servants,
and kept always as gallant and a bountiful House, as most
Men did in his Time.

In his young Years his Father dying, left him a good
Portion, so that he was in great Credit among his Neigh-
bours; and that which made him more happy, was this,
that God blest him with a good Wife, a comely young
Woman, and very careful; but he, who had his Mind
always bent on Merriment, little respected his Profit in
Regard of his Pleasure; insomuch that through his
wasteful Expence, he brought Poverty on himself before
he was aware, so that he could not do as he used; which
when his daily Companions perceived, they shunned his
Company.

Is it so, quoth the *Green King*? Doth Want of Money
part good Company, or is my Countenance so changed
that they do not know me? I have seen the Day, when
never

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never a Knave of them all, but would have made much of my Dog for my Sake, and would have given me twenty Salutations on a Sunday Morning, if I would bestow but one Pint of Muskadine upon them; and what hath a threadbare Cloak scared from me all good Fellows? Why, though I have not my wonted Habit, I have still the same Heart; and though my Money be gone, my Mind is not altered; Why then, what Jacks are they to reject me?

Aye, aye, now I find my Wife's Tale true; for she us'd to say, 'Husband, refrain these Trencher Flies, these smooth-faced Flatterers, that like Drones live upon the Honey of your Labour, and suck away the Sweetness of your Substance: I doubt, if once you come in Want, there is not the best of them would trust you for Ten Groats:' by which saying, I will lay my Life she is a Witch, for it is come just to pass as *Merlin's* Prophecy; for I would the other Day have borrowed Twelve Pence, and I tried Thirteen Friends and went without it: It being so, let them go hang themselves, for I will into *Flanders*, and have these Slaves to their servile Conditions, where I will try whether a Firkin of Butter be worth a Pot of strong Beer, and a Load of *Holland* Cheese better than a Gallion of *Charnico*; and if it be, by the Cross of this Sword I will never stain my Credit with such a base Commodity again.

With that he went to his Wife, saying Wife, dost thou hear? I pray thee look well to thy Business till I come again: For why? for to drive away melancholy I am minded to walk a Mile or two: But Husband, quoth she, where you there where you laid your Plate to pawn? I pray you is it not misafed? and is it safe? Woman, said he, I was there, and it is safe I'll warrant thee for ever coming into thy Hands again; thou knowest I borrowed but Twenty Marks upon it, and they have sold it for Twenty Pounds: 'Tis gone Wife, 'tis gone.

O Husband, said she, what ill Fortune have we to be thus ill dealt withal; and therewithal she wept: Fie quoth he, leave thy weeping, let it go, the best is it never cost us a Groat; it is in vain to moan; he thereupon took his Leave of his Wife, bidding her look to the House, and see that the Boys mind their Work.

The *Green King* having thus taken his Leave went towards *Billingsgate* on Purpose to take a Barge, where by the Way he met with *Anthony New Now*: What Master, said he, well met; I pray were are you walking? Will you not have a Crash e're you go.

In Faith *Anthony*, quoth he, thou knowest that I was never a Niggard to thee; therefore now if thou wilt bestow any Musick on me before I go, do, and if it please God that I return safely from *Flanders* again, I will requite thee well, but at present I have no Money for Musick: Gods nigs, said *Anthony*, whether you have or no, you shall have Musick; and seeing that you are going beyond Sea, I will bestow a Pint of Wine upon you at the Salutation: Sayest thou so, *Anthony*, quoth he, I will not refuse thy Courtesy, and with that they slept into the Tavern where *Anthony* called for Wine, and drawing forth his Fiddle began to play, and afterwards sang this merry Song.

When should a Man shew himself gentle and kind,

When should a Man comfort the sorrowful Mind?

O *Anthony*, now now now,

O *Anthony*, now now now.

When is the best Time to drink with a Friend?

When is it meetest my Money to spend?

O *Anthony*, now now now, &c.

When goes the King of good Fellows away?

That so much delighted in dancing and play.

O *Anthony*, now now now, &c.

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And when shall I bid my Master farewell?
Whose Bountie and Courtesy so did excell.
O *Anthony*, now now now, &c.

Look ye now, Master, quoth he, this Song have I made for your Sake, and by the Grace of God, when you are gone I will sing it every *Sunday* Morning under your Wife's Window, that she may know we drank together e're we parted.

Thus after they had made an end of their Wine, and paid their Reckoning, *Anthony* putting up his Fiddle departed, to change Musick for Money; whilst the *Green King* of *St. Martin's* sailed in a *Gravesend* Barge. But *Anthony* in his Absence sung this Song so often in *St. Martin's*, that ever after he purchased a Name which he never lost till his dying Day, for ever after that, Men called him nothing but *Anthony Now Now*.

The *Green King's* Wife became so careful in her Business, and governed herself with such Wisdom in all her Affairs, that during her Husband's Absence, she did not only pay many of her Debts, but also got into her House every Thing that was necessary to be had; which Diligence got her Credit, and her Gains (thro' God's Blessing) came so flowing in, that before her Husband came Home, she was in good Reputation with her Neighbours; and having no Need of their Favours, every one was ready to proffer her Courtesy, saying, good Neighbour, if you want any Thing tell us, and look what Friendship we may do you, be sure you shall find it.

I, Neighbour, quoth she, I know your Kindness, and may speak thereof by Experience; well may I compare you to him that would never bid any Man to Dinner, but at Two of the Clock in the Afternoon, when he was assured they had filled their Bellies before, and that they would not touch his Meat, except for Manners Sake, wherefore for my Part I will give you many Thanks

for your Kindnesses, when I take Benefit of your Proffer.

Why, Neighbour, we speak for your good, quoth they: 'Tis true, quoth she, and so say they that call for Wine to bestow on a drunken Man, when they know it will do him as much good in his Boots as his Belly.

At length her Husband came Home, and to his great Comfort found his Estate so good, that he had great Cause to bless God for the same, for a warm Purse is the best Medicine for a cold Heart that may be.

The *Green King* therefore boasting himself as brave as ever he did, having sworn himself a faithful Companion to his two handed Sword, would never go without it.

Now when his ancient Acquaintance saw him again so gallant, every one was ready to curry Favour with him, and many would proffer him Wine. And where before they were wont to thrust him to the Kennel, and nothing respecting his Poverty, they gave him now the upper Hand in every Place, saluting him with Cap and Knee: But he remembring how slightly they set by him in his Need, did now as slightly esteem their Flattery, saying,

I cry you Mercy, methinks I have seen your Face but I never knew you for my Friend. No, quoth one I dwell at *Aldersgate*, and am your near Neighbour; and so much the worse said the *Green King*: wherefore, quoth the other? because, said he, I think the Place is meet for an honest Man: I trust, Sir, you know no Hurt by me.

Nor any good, quoth the *Green King*, but I remember you are he, or one of them of whom once I would have borrowed Forty Pence, yet could not get it if hereby I might have saved Forty Lives: Therefore Goodman Hog, or Goodman Cog, or Goodman Dog chase you whether, scrape no Acquaintance of me, nor

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come any more in my Company, I would advise you, least with my long Sword I chop off your Coward's Legs, and make you stand, like St. Martin's Beggar, upon two Stilts. The Fellow hearing him say so, went his Ways, and never durst spake to him afterward.

C H A P. XVII.

How the Green King went & walking with his Wife, and got Anthony Now Now to play before them, in which Sort he went with her to Bristol.

THE *Green King* being a Man much given to go abroad, his Wife upon a Time thus made her Moan to him: Husband, quoth she, I think you are the unkindest Man alive, for as often as do walk abroad you were never the Man that did once take me in your Company: It is no small Grief unto me, while I sit doing at Home every *Sunday* and *Holiday*, and to see how other Men walk with their Wives, and lovingly bear them Company into the Fields, that thereby they may have some Recreation after their Week's weary Toil; this Pleasure have they for their Pains, but I, poor Soul, could never get such a Courtesy at your Hands: Either, it must needs be, that you love me but little, or else you are ashamed of my Company, and I tell you true, you have no Reason for the one or the other.

Well, quoth he, my Dear, seeing you are so desirous to walk abroad with me, *Thursday* next is St. *James's* Day, against which Time prepare yourself to go with me to the Fair, where, by the Grace of God, I will bestow a fat Pig upon you, and there I mean to be merry, and doubt not but that I will walk with you till you are weary of walking. Nay, quoth she, I should never be weary of your Company, though I went with you to the World's End: God a Mercy, for that Wife, said

said he, but so doing, I doubt I should try you a very good Foot Woman or a bad Flatterer.

Thus it passed till *Thursday* was come, and in the mean Season, meeting with two or three other Shoemakers, he asked them, If they would walk with him and his Wife to Saint *James's* Fair? That we will, with all our Hearts, said his Fellow Shoemakers; but will you not, like Flinchers go back from your Words, quoth the Green King? To that (they said) If they did, they would forfeit unto him a Gallon of Wine.

Tush, said the King, talk not to me of a Gallon of Wine; but, will you be bound in a Bond of Twenty Pounds a piece to perform it.

Why, quoth the Shoe-makers, what need Bonds for such a Matter as this, we hope that you will take our Words for a great Deal more than this.

My Masters, said the *Green King*, the World is grown to that pass, that Words are become Wind, and I will trust you as little on your Word, as long *Meg* on her Honesty; therefore, if you will be bound in a Bond so, so, if not, I will make no Account of your Company.

The Shoe-makers hearing these Words, and they knowing him to be a Man of a merry Mind; after that they had washed their Wits well with Wine, to the Scriveners they went, and there they bound themselves in Twenty Pound Bonds, according to his Request,

They had no sooner made an End of this merry Match, but presently into another Tavern they got, and who should they meet but that merry Companion *Anthony Now Now*; who, as soon as he espied the *Green King*, he smiled with a wry Mouth, but joyfully embraced him with both his Hands, saying, what, my dear Master, well are you met, said *Anthony*, and pray you Sir when came you from the other Side of the Water, by my Troth, you are welcome, and I am glad to see you with all my Heart.

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God a-mercy good *Anthony*, said the *Green King*, but how comes it to pass that you go not so often into *St. Martin's* as you were wont to do?

O Master, said *Anthony*, you may remember what Song I made at your parting, when you went to *Gravesend*.

Yes, marry, says the *Green King*; and what of that, quoth he? by singing that under your Window, all the merry Shoe-makers in *St. Martin's* have got it by the End, and now, with their so often singing it up and down amongst their jovial Crew, that they have made it as common as a printed Ballad; and by their so doing, I have gotten such a Name by it, that into what Place soever I go, I am called nothing but *Anthony Now Now*.

And now Master I'll tell you, that by these merry Shoe-makers Means, it hath made me as well acquainted in all *Cheapside*, and other Places about the City, as the Cat in the Cream-pan; for as soon as ever the Goldsmiths Wives spy me, they will hold up their Fingers, and cry, O yonder goes *Anthony Now Now*; play us a Fit of Musick, says one; come *Anthony* sing us a merry Song, says another; so that I cannot pass up and down the Streets by the Means of these merry Wagtails, in so much, that now the little Boys in the Street will have a Fling at my Tail, and often mention my Name, and say, O yonder goes *Anthony Now Now*, and so they run up and down after me like a Sort of Pismires; Good Lord, Good Lord, you never knew the like: Hear ye me now my good Master, and I will tell you, That since you departed from me, and took your Journey beyond Sea, that by singing that Song so often under your Wife's Window, I have gotten more Pence than your Wife has Pins.

So, that with taking small Pains and little Sweat,
My Name is as famous as *Alexander the Great*.

And

And now, my Master, seeing you are come again, and safely arrived from your dangerous Voyage from Sea, I will e're long make the second Part.

But now, the *Green King* is no sooner returned from his Voyage beyond Sea, but his Wife solicits him to take a Journey into the Country, and to take her along with him; for, since he had her to St. James's Fair, she was so well pleased with him, that she could go with him to the World's End.

The *Green King* therefore being willing to give his Wife Content, he is resolved to take her with him to *Bristol*; and considering what Company he should get to go with him to pass away the tedious Journey, at last, he meeting with *Anthony Now Now*, who, no sooner did his Master ask him the Question, but presently he gives his Consent, and immediately *Anthony* gets his Fiddle, and away they take their Journey, and merrily they march; and at every Town they come to, *Anthony* pulls out his Fiddle, and plays as he goes, which the Country People much admiring at his Mirth and merry Conceits, they were very desirous to have him stay with them; but *Anthony*, not willing to leave his Master and Mistress; desired them to excuse him; so he continued his Mirth and Merriment until they came to *Bristol*; where, playing up and down at several Inns in the Town, he gave the People a great Deal of Content, and got as great a Name there as he did in the City of *London*, so that he could not pass up and down the Streets, but they would cry, O yonder goes *Anthony Now Now*. And so, having got the Praise of the Country, he returns back with the *Green King* and his Wife unto the City of *London*, who in a short Time after fell dangerously sick.

The Shoe-makers GLORY :

BEING

A Merry Song in the Praise of *Shoe-makers*, to be sung by them every Year on the 25th of *October*.

To the Tune of, *The Tyrant, &c.*

IN the Praise of the
Shoemakers Trade we'll write,
A merry Song is to be sung,
On *October's* Twenty fifth Night ;
For without the Shoe-maker
We shall go cold of our Feet,
To preserve the *Gentle Craft*,
Therefore it is meet.
Then sing Boys, and drink Boys,
And cast Care away ;
For the Honour of Shoe-makers,
We'll keep Holidiey.

To add the more Lustre unto due Merriment,
Our Ancestors came of a Royal Descent :
Crispius, Crispianus, and Noble St. *Hugh*,
Were all Sons of Kings, this is known to be true.
Then sing Boys, and drink Boys, &c.

Moreover I wou'd have you thus much understand,
That the chiefest gay Ladies, and Lords of our Land,
To the bonny Shoe-makers beholden must be,
Take them from the highest to the lowest Degree.
Then sing Boys, and drink Boy, &c.

And

And now for St. *Hugh*, and fair *Winifred's* Sake,
A jovial Bout of it we purpose to make ;
In the Gulph of Oblivion let Sorrows be drown'd,
Whilst we in good Fellowship merrily drink round.
Then sing Boys, and drink Boys, &c.

Here's a Health to the Muses, which furthers Delight,
And helps us to pass away long Winter Nights :
With Songs and with Pastimes, as the Season doth re-
Whilst we soak our Noses and sit by the Fire. [quire,]
Then sing Boys, and drink Boys, &c.

The next cordial Health, to speak as I think,
Shall be to the Brewer that makes us good drink :
And to the good Butchers, that kills us good Meat,
That's toothsome and wholesome for Christians to eat.
Then sing Boys, and drink Boys, &c.

Here's to the bonny Weavers, and Glovers also,
For they are our Neighbours and Men that we know ;
And to *Vulcan* the Blacksmith that bloweth the Bellows,
For he is accounted the King of good Fellows.
Then sing Boys, and drink Boys, &c.

Here's to the Taylor, that never meant Harm,
For he makes us Cloathing to keep our Bones warm ;
And a Health to the Tanner that dresseth our Leather,
For they are the Men that must hold us together.
Then sing Boys, and drink Boys, &c.

And now to conclude all, and finish my Song,
Let's drink up our Drink, and do no body wrong :
'Tis late in the Night, Sirs, therefore let us pay
Our Reck'ning, and then we'll be jogging away ;
Another Time when we do meet here again,
We'll make a merry Bout for an Hour or twain.

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